

*The
Spirit of Man*

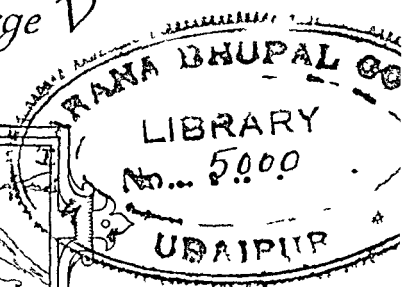
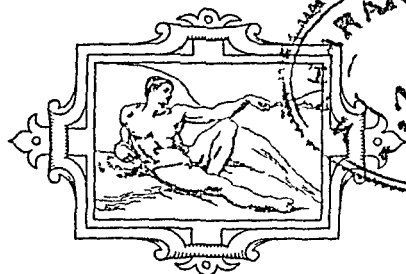
*An Anthology in English & French
from the Philosophers & Poets*

made in 1915 by

Robert Bridges, O.M.

Poet Laureate

*and dedicated by gracious permission
to His Majesty
King George V*



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P R E F A C E

THIS book was compiled with a special purpose, and if it should not satisfy those for whom it was intended, no preface can save it, but that does not forbid some words of explanation

First then, the reader is invited to bathe rather than to fish in these waters—that is to say, the several pieces are to be read in context, and it is for this reason that no titles nor names of authors are inserted in the text, because they would distract the attention and lead away the thought and even overrule consideration. Yet, although there is a sequence of context, there is no logical argument—the demonstration is of various moods of mind, which are allowed free play, a sufficient guide to them being provided in the page-headings. As for the sequence chosen, that might no doubt have been other than it is without damage and perhaps with advantage, but, as will readily be perceived, the main implication is essential, namely that spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life—in so far as our life is a worthy subject for ideal philosophy and pure aesthetic—rather than the apex or final attainment of it. It must underlie everything. To put it briefly, man is

Preface

the time cannot all be distinctly seen, nor can we read them dispassionately, but two things stand out clearly and they are above question or debate. The first is that Prussia's scheme for the destruction of her neighbours was long-laid, and scientifically elaborated to the smallest detail: the second is that she will shrink from no crime that may further its execution.

How far the various Teutonic states that have been subjugated by Prussia are infected or morally enslaved by the machinery that overlords them, how far they are deluded or tempted by a vision of world-empire, how far their intellectual teachers willingly connive at the contradictory falsehoods officially imposed upon their assent, and what their social awakening will be, we can only surmise. We had accounted our cousins as honest and virtuous folk, some of us have well-loved friends among them whom we have heard earnestly and bitterly deplore the evil spirit that was dominating their country: but we now see them all united in a wild enthusiasm for the great scheme of tyranny, as unscrupulous in their means as in their motives, and obedient to military regulations for cruelty, terrorism, and devastation.

From the consequent miseries, the insensate and interminable slaughter, the hate and filth, we can turn to seek comfort only in the quiet confidence of our souls, and we look instinctively to the seers and poets of mankind, whose sayings are the oracles and prophecies of

Preface

loveliness and lovingkindness. Common diversions divert us no longer, our habits and thoughts are searched by the glare of the conviction that man's life is not the ease that a peace-loving generation has found it or thought to make it, but the awful conflict with evil which philosophers and saints have depicted, and it is in their abundant testimony to the good and beautiful that we find support for our faith, and distraction from a grief that is intolerable constantly to face not impossible to face without that trust in God which makes all things possible.

We may see that our national follies and sins have deserved punishment, and if in this revelation of rottenness we cannot ourselves appear wholly sound, we are still free and true at heart, and can take hope in contrition, and in the brave endurance of sufferings that should chasten our intention and conduct, we can even be grateful for the discipline but beyond this it is offered us to take joy in the thought that our country is called of God to stand for the truth of man's hope, and that it has not shrunk from the call. Here we stand upright, and above reproach and to show ourselves worthy will be more than consolation, for truly it is the hope of man's great desire, the desire for brotherhood and universal peace to men of good-will, that is at stake in this struggle.

Britons have ever fought well for their country, and

Preface

their country's Cause is the high Cause of Freedom and Honour That fairest earthly fame, the fame of Freedom, is inseparable from the names of Albion, Britain, England it has gone out to America and the Antipodes, hallowing the names of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand , it has found a new home in Africa and this heritage is our glory and happiness We can therefore be happy in our sorrows, happy even in the death of our beloved who fall in the fight , for they die nobly, as heroes and saints die, with hearts and hands unstained by hatred or wrong

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*They walk in the city
that they have builded,
The city of God
from evil shielded*

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

Book I



AFTER experience had taught me that the common occurrences of ordinary life are vain and futile, and I saw that all the objects of my desire and fear were in themselves nothing good nor bad, save in so far as the mind was affected by them, I at length determined to search out whether there were not something truly good and communicable to man, by which his spirit might be affected to the exclusion of all other things yea, whether there were anything, through the discovery and acquisition of which I might enjoy continuous and perfect gladness for ever I say that *I at length determined*, because at first sight it seemed ill-advised to renounce things, in the possession of which I was assured, for the sake of what was yet uncertain I therefore turned over in my mind whether it might be possible to come at this new way, or at least to the certitude of its existence, without changing my usual way of life, [a compromise] which I had often attempted

Spinoza is
telling of
himself

Dissatisfaction

before, but in vain. For the things that commonly happen in life and are esteemed among men as the highest good (as is witnessed by their works) can be reduced to these three: Riches, Fame, and Lust, and by these the mind is so distracted that it can scarcely think of any other good. With regard to Lust, the mind is as much absorbed thereby as if it had attained rest in some good, and this hinders it from thinking of anything else. But after fruition a great sadness follows, which, if it do not absorb the mind, will yet disturb and blunt it. But love directed towards the eternal and infinite feeds the mind with pure joy, and is free from all sadness. Wherefore it is greatly to be desired, and to be sought after with our whole might [and] although I could perceive this quite clearly in my mind, I could not at once lay aside all greed and lust and honour. One thing I could see, and that was that so long as the mind was turned upon this new way, it was deflected, and seriously engaged therein, which was a great comfort to me, for I saw that those evils were no such as would not yield to remedies, and though at first these intervals were rare and lasted but a short while, yet afterwards the true good became more and more evident to me, and these intervals more frequent and of longer duration.

O WHAT can ail thee Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering,
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing

Sadness

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too

I met a Lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a faery's child,—
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

I set her on my pining steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true!'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill-side

Dejection

6

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown,
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown
I sit upon the sands alone,—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion
Ahs! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned
Yet now despair itself is mild
Ev'n as the winds and waters are,
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care

7

Hard is the way and shut the gate,
And life is in a narrow strait
Once only did my soul aspire
To scale the Orient dropping fire,
Once only floated in the ways
Of heaven apart from earthly haze
And then it was a foolish soul,
And knew not how the heavens do roll

Clouds

10

Behold the white clouds roll along the blue,
And like the clouds do flocks o'erspread the plain,
And like them winds the forest out of view,
Shall not Joy's chariot come with splendid train,
And he descend and walk the living air,
With Melody and Peace, and Happy Love,
Wing-footed, rosy-limbed, with myrtle rare
And olive crowned from old Eleusis' grove?
Ah, no, the fury Night will soon be here,
She comes with storms that drive the flocks away,
And takes the large free clouds to make her bier,
And rends the leaves, no longer youth can stay
Nor joy appear

11

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!
Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

Night

When I rose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee,
When light rose high and the dew was gone,
And noon I saw on flower and tree,
And the sweet Day turned to his rest,
Languishing like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee

Thy brother Death came and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child sleep the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I smile rest thy side?
Wouldst thou rest?—And I replied,
No, rest thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled,
Of neither would I be the boon
I ask of thee beloved Night—
So if be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

12

POURQUOI la lumière est-elle donnée au malheureux,
Et la vie à ceux dont l'âme est pleine d'amertume,
Qui attendent la mort, sans que la mort vienne,
Qui la cherchent plus ardemment qu'un trésor,
Qui sont heureux jusqu'à en tressaillir,
Et se réjouissent quand ils ont trouvé le tombeau,
A l'homme dont la route est couverte de ténèbres,
Et que Dieu a entouré d'un cercle fatal?

Adversity

Mes soupirs sont devenus comme mon pain,
Et mes gémissements se répandent comme l'eau,
A peine conçois-je une crainte qu'elle se réalise,
Tous les malheurs que je redoute fondent sur moi
Plus de sécurité, plus de repos, plus de paix !
Sans cesse de nouveaux tourments !

13

K. Henry
VI at the
battle of
Wakefield

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,
Now one the better, then another best
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd
So is the equal poise of this fell war

Here on this molehill will I sit me down
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence
Would I were dead !—if God's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?

O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes, how they run

Failure

How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live —
When this is known, then to divide the times
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself,
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn,
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece
So minutes, hours, days,—months and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes it doth, a thousand-fold it doth
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him

Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are

Lost Ideals

his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in this life-battle which we can call his Realised Ideals. Of which realised Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two—his Church, or spiritual Guidance, his Kingship, or temporal dominion. The Church what a word is there, richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remote mountains rises the little Kirk, the Dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial stones, 'in hope of a happy resurrection' Dull wert thou, if never in any hour it spoke to thee things unspeakable that went to thy soul's soul Strong was he that had a Church—and it we can call a Church he stood the test, though 'in the center of Immensities in the confus of Eternities', yet manlike towards God and man, the vast shoreless Universe had become a firm city for him, a dwelling which he knew Such virtue was in Belief, in these words well spoken *I believe* Well might men prize their *Credo* and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies and give it the title of their substance, it was worth living for and dying for

But of those decadent ages in which no Ideal either grows or blossoms? when Belief and Loyalty have passed away, and only the faint and false echo of them remains, and all Solemnity has become Pageantry, and the Creed of persons in authority, in Imbecility or a Machiavelism? Alas, of these ages World history can take no notice, they have to be compressed more and more, and finally suppressed in the Annals of Mankind, blotted out as spurious,—which indeed they are Hapless ages wherein, if ever in any, it is in

Vanity

unhappiness to be born To be born, and to learn only,
by every tradition and example, that God's Universe is
Behal's and a Lie, and 'the Supreme Quirk' the
hierarch of men ! In which mournfullest faith, never-
theless, do we not see whole generations live, what
they call living, and vanish ?

15

VANITY of Vanities, saith the Preacher,
Vinity of Vanities, all is Vinity
What profit hath a man of all his labour
wherein he laboureth under the sun ?
Generation passeth away, and generation cometh,
and the earth abideth for ever
The sun ariseth and the sun goeth down,
and hasteth to the place where he riseth
The wind goeth toward the south,
and turneth round unto the north,
Around and around goeth the wind,
and on its rounds the wind returneth
All the rivers run into the sea,
yet the sea is not full,
Unto the place whence the rivers come,
thither they return again
All things are full of weariness,
man cannot utter it
The eye is not satisfied with seeing,
nor the ear filled with hearing
The thing that hath been is that which shall be,
and that which is done is that which shall be done
and there is nothing new under the sun
Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new ?
it hath already been in the ages that were before us

Poolishness of the Body

There is no remembrance with us of former days
neither of the days that shall be will there be any re-
membrance among them that shall come after

I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem,
and I applied my heart to seek and to search out by
wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven this
sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be
exercised withal I have seen all the works that are
done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexa-
tion of spirit.

The crooked cannot be made straight
and that which is warping cannot be number'd

I commured with mine own heart, saying Lo, I have
gotten me great wisdom above all that were before me
in Jerusalem yea my heart had great experience of
wisdom and knowledge And I gave my heart to
know wisdom, and to know madness and folly I per-
ceived that this also is vexation of spirit, for

In much wisdom is much grief,
and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow

Have we no then found a narrow path [of
thought] which promises to lead us and our argument
to the conclusion that while we are in the body, and
while the soul is contaminated with its evils, our desire
will never be thoroughly satisfied and our desire we
say, is of the Truth For thousand-fold are the troubles
that the body gives us It fills us full of loves and
lusts and fears, with all kinds of delusions and rank non-
sense, and in very truth, as men say, it so distresses us

The Quest

that we cannot think wisely at all, never a whit Nay,
all wars, factions, and fighting have no other origin than
this same body and its lusts We must set the soul
free of it, we must behold things as they are, and then,
belike, we shall attain the wisdom that we desire, and
of which we say we are lovers not while we live but
after death, as the argument shows, For then and
not till then will the soul be parted from the body, and
exist in herself alone And thus having got rid of
the foolishness of the body we shall, it would seem, be
pure and hold converse with the pure, and shall in our
own selves have complete knowledge of the Incorrupt-
tible, which is, I take it, no other than the very Truth

17

O FRIEND, hope in Him while thou livest,
know Him while thou livest,
For in life is thy release

If thy bonds be not broken while thou livest,
What hope of deliverance in death?

It is but an empty dream that the soul must pass into
union with Him,
Because it hath passed from the body

If He is found now, He is found then
If not, we go but to dwell in the city of Death

If thou hast union now, thou shalt have it hereafter

Bathe in the Truth know the true Master
Have faith in the true Name

Kabir saith It is the spirit of the quest that helpeth
I am the slave of the spirit of the quest

The Eremit

18

MY home
The shivering-bounced glare,
The gazing fire-hung dome
Of scorching air

My rest
To wander trembling & cold,
On vague hunger-quest
New hope to seek.

For friend
The dazzling breathing dream,
The strength at last to find
Of Glory Supreme

19

BENEATH the canopy of the skies roam I night and day
My home is in the desert by night and day

No sickness troubles me nor silent pain torments,
One thing I know that I sorrow night and day

Homeless am I O Lord, whither shall I turn
A wanderer in the desert, whither shall I turn?

I come to Thee at last, driven from every threshold,
And if Thy door be closed, whither shall I turn?

Blessed are they who live in sight of Thee
Who speak with Thee O Lord, and dwell with Thee

Faint are my limbs and my heart is fearful.
Humbly I stand with those who are dear to Thee

Drink thou to me with pleasure, Thou art our Faith,
Helpless without hand or foot, Thou art our Faith;

Whether we be Nazarenes Mussalmans or Gebres,
Whatsoever our creed Thou art our Faith

BEING upon a certain day overburdened with the trouble of worldly business, in which men are oftentimes enforced to do more than of very duty they are bound, I retired to a solitary place congenial to grief, where whatever it was in my affairs that was giving me discontent might plainly reveal itself, and all the things that were wont to inflict me with sorrow might come together and freely present themselves to my sight. And in that place, after that I had sat a long while in silence and great affliction, my very dear son Peter the deacon joined me, who since the flower of his early youth had been attached to me by close friendship and companionship in the study of the sacred books. He, when he saw me overwhelmed in heaviness and languor of heart, questioned me, saying 'What is the matter?' or what bad news have you heard? for some unusual grief plainly possesses you.' To whom I answered 'O Peter, the grief that I daily endure is with me both old and new—old through long use, and new by continual increase. And truth it is that my unhappy soul, wounded with worldly business, is now calling to mind in what state it once was when I dwelt in my monastery, how then it was superior to all transitory matters, and how it would soar far above things corruptible. How it was accustomed to think only of heavenly things, and tho' enclosed in mortal body would yet by contemplation pass beyond its fleshly bars—while as for death, which is to almost all men a punishment, that did it love, and would consider as the entrance to life, and the reward of its toil. But now by reason of my

Pope Gregory the Great regrets his monastic life

Retirement

pastoral charge my poor soul must engage in the businesses of worldly men, and after so fair a promise of rest it is defiled in the dust of earthly occupations and when through much ministering to others it spendeth itself on outward distractions, it cannot but return impaired unto those inward and spiritual things for which it longeth. Now therefore I am meditating on what I suffer, I weigh what I have lost and when I think of that loss my condition is the more intolerable. For do but look how the ship of my mind is tossed by the waves and tempest, and how I am battered in the storm. Nay, when I recollect my former life, I sigh as one who turneth back his eyes to a forsaken shore. And what grieveth me yet more is that as I am borne ever onward by the disturbance of these endless billows, I almost lose sight of the port which I left. For thus it is that the mind lapseth first it is faithless to the good which it held, tho' it may still remember that it hath forsaken it then when it hath further strayed, it even forgetteth that good until it cometh at length to such a pass that it cannot so much as behold in memory what before it had actively practised. All becometh according to my picture we are carried so far out to sea that we lose sight of the quiet haven whence we set forth. And not seldom is the measure of my sorrow increased by remembrance of the lives of some who with their whole heart relinquished this present world. Whose high perfection when I behold, I recognise how low I lie fallen for many of them did in a every retired life please their Maker, and lest by contact with human affairs they should decay from their freshness, almighty God allowed not that they should be harassed by the labours of this world.

21

A LITTLE one wd lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on,
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil
Daily in the common Prison else enjoy'd me,
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsom draught but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n's fresh-blowing pure and sweet,
With day-spring born, here I let me to respire

22

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul thro' through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure

Garden & Forest

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

23

And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had peynted with his softe shoures,
This gardin ful of levis and of floures —
And craft of mannes hand so curiously
Arrayed had this gardin trewely,
That never was ther gardin of swich prys
But-if it were the veray Paradys
The odour of floures and the freshe sight
Wold han maad any herte for to light
That ever was born, but-if to gret siknesse
Or to gret sorwe held it in distresse,
So ful it was of beauty with plesance

24

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay,

Autumn Quiet

It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the stars,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise

We passed amid the pines that stood
The grunts of the water,
Toured by storms of shapes as rude
As spirits in a cell
And soothed by every air-breath,
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own
Now all the tree tops lie asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be

25

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a grassy floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,

Solitude

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fumes of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers,
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
Hedge-cricket sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

26

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings,
There midnight 's all a glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore,
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core

27

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep
 The azure sea, I love the land no more,
 The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
 Tempt my unquiet mind —But when the roar
 Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
 Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
 I turn from the drear aspect to the home
 Of earth and its deep woods, where interspersed,
 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody
 Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
 Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
 Has chosen —But I my languid limbs will fling
 Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
 Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not

28

COME sit aneath this pinetree, whose lofty tressèd crown
 Sighs, as her tufty sprays stir to the west wind's kiss
 And with the babbling waters my flute thy care shall drown,
 And lull thy dreamy eyelids to sweet forgetful bliss

29

Men seek out retreats for themselves, cottages in the
 country, lonely seashores and mountains Thou too The
 art disposed to hanker greatly after such things and emperor
 yet all this is the very commonest stupidity, for it is Marcus
 in thy power, whenever thou wilt, to retire into thy- Aurelius is
 self and nowhere is there any place whereto a man reproaching
 may retire quieter and more free from politics than his himself

The Soul's Escape

own soul, above all if he have within him thoughts such as he need only regard attentively to be at perfect ease and that ease is nothing else than a well-ordered mind. Constantly then use this retreat, and renew thyself therein and be thy principles brief and elementary, which, as soon as ever thou recur to them, will suffice to wash thy soul entirely clean and send thee back without vexation to whatsoe'er awaiteth thee.

30

But when the soul giveth heed with her proper faculty, she is at once away and off into that other world of Purity, Eternity, Immortality and things unchanging, and finding there her kindred, she leagueth herself with them (so long at least as she is true to herself and possesseth herself) when she wandereth no more, but ever in that way and with regard to those things, she remaineth constant, since such they are that she has laid hold of. And this state of the soul is called Understanding.

31

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Jov's* court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspear'd
In Regions mild of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smook and stirr of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and Feverish being

Spiritual Desire

Unmindful of the crown that Vertue gives,
After this mortal chinge, to her true Servants
Amongst the énthron'd gods on Sainted seats
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould

32

The day now approaching when she was to depart this life,—which day Thou knewest but we not,—it came to pass, thyself, as I believe, by thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window which looked on the garden of the house wherein we lodged at Ostia, for there before our voyage we were resting in quiet from the fatigues of a long journey Discoursing then together alone very sweetly, and forgetful of the past and reaching forth unto those things which are before, we were enquiring between ourselves in the presence of the truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints may be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man And all the while did our hearts within us gasp after the heavenly streams of thy fountain, the well of Life, which is in Thee, that being sprinkled thence according to our measure, we might in some sort meditate on so high a mystery

And as our talk was leading us thither where we

S Augus-
tine and
S Monnica.

Ecstasy

would be, so that no delight of the senses whatsoever, in any brightness possible to them, seemed in respect of the joy of that life worthy of mention, far less of comparison, we uprising ourselves with intenser desire unto that Self same, went on to explore in turn all things material, even the very heaven, whence sun and moon and stars give light upon the earth and thus ascending by meditation and speech and admiration of thy works, we were drawing yet nearer, and had come to our own minds, and left them behind, that we might arrive at the country of unfailing plenty, where Thou feedest thy people for ever in pastures of truth, there where life is the Wisdom by which all those thy works are made, that have been or that shall be, Wisdom uncreate, the same now as it ever was, and the same to be for evermore Nay rather to have been and hereafter to be cannot be spoken of it, but only to be since it is eternal Of that heavenly Wisdom as then we talked and hunger'd after it, lo, with the whole effort of our heart we apprehended somewhat thereof and we sighed, and abandoning on that far shore those firstfruits of the spirit, we fell back to the sound of our own voices, and the determinate words of human discourse

And we began to say, If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, of waters and of air, hushed also the poles of heaven, yea, were the very soul to be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self to surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign, if all transitory things were hushed utterly,—for to him that heareth they do all speak, saying ‘we made not ourselves, but He made us, who abideth for ever’—, if,

Ecstasy

when their speech had gone out they should suddenly hold their peace, and to the ear which they had aroused to their Maker, He himself should speak, alone, not by them, but by himself, so that we should hear his word, not through any tongue of flesh, nor Angel's voice, nor echo of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude, but might hear indeed Him, whom in these things we love, himself without these,—as we but now with effort and in swift thought touched on that eternal Wisdom, which abideth over all—, could this be continued, and all disturbing visions of whatever else be withdrawn, and this one ravish and absorb, and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might ever be like that one moment of understanding, which but now we sighed after, were not this ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THE LORD?

33

Scanty the hour, and few the steps, beyond the bourn of care !
Beyond the sweet and bitter world,—beyond it unaware !
Scanty the hour, and few the steps, because a longer stay
Would bar return and make a man forget his mortal way !

34

THE path thro' which that lovely twain
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,

The path
of spiritual
desire
described,
thro' divine
glooms

Any Tongues

Sucked up and hurrying — is they see
Behind it's gathering billows meet
And to the fatal mountain bear
Like clouds amid the yielding air

Intellectual Beauty

Of Fate, and Chance, and God, and Chaos old,
And Love, and the chained Titan's woeful doom,
And how he shall be loosed, and make the earth
One brotherhood—delightful strains which cheer
Our solitary twilights, and which charm
To silence the uncynical nightingales

35

What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On Sands and Shoars and desert Wildernesses

36

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why ought should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cist on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given—
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,

Intellectual Beauty

Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart .

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed ,
I was not heard—I saw them not—
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ,
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave they have in vision'd bow'rs
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery

He who has been instructed thus far in the science of Love, and has been led to see beautiful things in their due order and rank, when he comes toward the end of his discipline will suddenly catch sight of a wondrous thing beautiful with the absolute Beauty,—and this, Socrates is the aim and end of all those earlier labours — he will see a Beauty eternal, not growing or decaying, not waxing or waning, nor will it be fair here and foul there, nor depending on time or circumstance or place, as if fair to some, and foul to others — nor shall Beauty appear to him in the likeness of a face or hand, nor embodied in any sort of form whatever, whether of heaven or of earth, but Beauty absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which lending of its virtue to all beautiful things that we see born to decay, itself suffers neither increase nor diminution, nor any other change

When a man proceeding onwards from terrestrial things by the right way of loving, once comes to sight of that Beauty, he is not far from his goal — And this is the right way wherein he should go or be guided in his love — he should begin by loving earthly things for the sake of the absolute loveliness, ascending to that as it were by degrees or steps, from the first to the second, and thence to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair conduct, and from fair conduct to fair principles, until from fair principles he finally arrive at the ultimate principle of all, and learn what absolute beauty is

This life, my dear Socrates said Diotima, if any life at all is worth living, is the life that a man should live,

Idea of God

in the contemplation of absolute Beauty the which, when once you beheld it, would not appear to you to be after the manner of gold and garments or beautiful persons, whose sight now so ravishes you, that you and many others consorting with your lovers forget even to eat and drink, if only you may look at them and live near them But what if a man's eyes were awake to the sight of the true Beauty, the divine Beauty, pure, clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and the many colours and varieties of human life? What if he should hold converse with the true Beauty, simple and divine?

O think you, she said, that it would be an ignoble life for a man to be ever looking thither and with his proper faculty contemplating the absolute Beauty, and to be living in its presence? Are you not rather convinced that he who thus sees Beauty as only it can be seen, will be specially fortun'd? and that, since he is in contact not with images but with realities, he will give birth not to images, but to very Truth itself? And being thus the parent and nurse of true virtue it will be his lot to become a friend of God, and, so far as any man can be, immortal and absolute?

THOU art the sky and Thou art also the nest
O Thou Beautiful! how in the nest thy love embraceth
the soul with sweet sounds and colour and fragrant
odours!

Morning cometh there, bearing in her golden basket the
wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth

Idea of God

And there cometh Evening, o'er lonely meadows deserted of the herds, by trackless ways, carrying in her golden pitcher cool draughts of peace from the ocean calms of the west

But where thine infinite sky spreadeth for the soul to take her flight a stainless white radiance reigneth, wherein is neither day nor night, nor form nor colour, nor ever any word

39

Aristotle
see note.

There is then something which is always moved with an unceasing motion and that motion is in a circle and this is plain not by reasoning only but in fact : so that the first heaven must be eternal. There is then something [also] which moves it. But since a mover which is moved is an intermediate, there must be also some mover which is unmoved, ^{eternal}, existing as substance and act ^[by another], (or energy). Now the object whether of thought or desire causes movement in this way, it causes itself or desire causes movement in this way, it causes itself moved. And the primary objects of thought and desire are the same, for while the object of appetite is the apparently good, the primary object of rational desire is the really good, and our desire is consequent on our opinion, rather than our opinion on our desire. And the first cause is the thinking. And the Reason (or intellect) is moved by the object of its thought and in the classification of objects of thought substance (or Being) is primary, and of substance that which is absolute and in energy (or actuality). But moreover also the good and

Metaphysic

the absolutely desirable are in the same class, and that is best, always or proportionally, which is primary

But that the Final Cause is among things unmoved is shown by logical distinction, since it is [an object which exists] for the sake of something (which desires it) and of these [two terms] the one (the object) is unmoved, while the other (which desires it) is not. The Final Cause then causes movement as beloved, and something moved by it moves all other things.

Now if something is moved it is capable of being otherwise than it is. Therefore if the first turning of the heaven be an energy (or actuality) and is so by virtue of its being set in motion [by another agency than its own][†], it might be otherwise, in place if not in substance. But since, on the other hand, there is some mover, itself unmoved, existing in energy, this may not be otherwise in any way. For locomotion is the primary change, and of locomotion that which is circular and this circular motion is that which this unmoved mover causes.

Of necessity then it is Being, and so far as of necessity, excellently, and so a Principle (or first Cause).

From such a first cause then are suspended the Heaven and Nature. And the occupation (or living work) of this Principle is such as is the best, during a little while indeed for us, but itself is ever in this state,—which we cannot be—since its energy is also its pleasure.—And therefore it is that our waking and sensation and thinking are pleasantest to us, while hopes and memories are pleasant indirectly thro' these activities.—And thought, in itself, deals with the object which is best in itself, and the supreme with the supreme. Now it is

Idea of God

itself that thought (or intellect) thinks, on account of its participation in the object of thought for it becomes its own object in the act of apprehending and thinking its objects so that thought (intellect) and the object of thought are one and the same thing For that which is receptive of the object of thought and can apprehend substance, is thought (or intellect) But it is in energy by possessing its object, so that this (final energy of possession) rather than that (initial receptivity) is what thought seems to have *divine* and the energy of intellectual speculation is what is pleasantest and best

If then in this good estate, as we are sometimes, God is always, it is wonderful, and if more so, then still more wonderful But God is so, and life indeed belongs to God For the energy of thought is life, and that is God's energy We say then that God is a living being, eternal, best so that life and an age continuous and eternal belong to God, for this is God

Then Socrates said I must tell you, Kēbes, that when I was young I had a marvellous appetite for that branch of philosophy which they call Natural Science, for I thought it must be splendid to know the causes of things, what it is that makes each thing come into being, exist, and perish and I was always rushing into opposite extremes of opinion in speculating on such questions as these, Is the growth of animals the result of a corruption which the hot and cold principle contracts, as some have said? Is it by virtue of the blood that we think? or is it the air, or fire? or perhaps

First Cause

nothing of this sort?

And then I went on to examine the decay of things, and the changes which the heavens and earth undergo, until at last I came to see that I was by nature utterly incompetent for such enquiries, as I can easily convince you was the case, for under the influence of these speculations I grew wholly blind to matters which hitherto, so far at least as I could judge of myself or others of me, I had understood quite well.

Then I heard someone reading out of a book of ANAXAGORAS as he told us, and saying that Mind was the disposer and cause of all and I was delighted with this notion of the (first) cause,—indeed it gave me a sort of comfort to think that Mind was the cause of all things, and I said to myself, If this be so,—if Mind is the orderer, it will have all in order, and put every single thing in the place that is best for it. And arguing thus I rejoiced to think that, with respect to causation, I had found in Anaxagoras a teacher after my own heart.

Ah my friend, how speedily was my glorious hope dashed, as I went on to read, and found my philosopher making no use whatever of Mind, nor of any other valid principle for the ordering of Nature, but alleging Air and Ether and Water, and many other like absurdities. He seemed to me to have fallen exactly into the predicament of a man who, maintaining generally that Mind is the cause of the actions of Socrates, should then, when he undertook to explain my conduct in detail, go on to show that I sit here because my body is made up of bones and muscles, and the bones, as he would say, are hard and have joints which divide them, and the muscles are elastic, and so on. That is what he

Sofia

would say, and he would have a similar explanation of my talking to you, which he would attribute to sound, and air, and hearing, and he would assign ten thousand other causes of the same sort, neglecting to mention the true cause, which is that the Athenians have thought fit to condemn me, and accordingly I have thought it better and more right to remain here and undergo my sentence —for, by the dog, I think that these muscles and bones of mine [if they had had any say in the matter] would have consulted their own interest and gone off long ago to Megara or Bœotia, if I had not thought it better and nobler not to play truant and run away, but rather to remain here and undergo whatever punishment the state may inflict. To call such things as these causes is quite absurd. If any one should care to say that unless I had bones and muscles and the other parts of the body, I could not do what I would, that is well enough; but to say that I act as I do because of them, and that this is the way in which my mind acts, and not from choice of the best, why, that is a very careless and idle way of speaking.

41

DOETH not WISDOM cry,
and Understanding put forth her voice?

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his Way,
before his works of old

I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
or ever the earth was

When no depths were, I was brought forth
when there were no fountains abounding with water.

Logos

Before the mountains were settled,
before the hills was I brought forth
While as yet he had not made the earth nor the fields,
nor the first dust of the world
When he prepared the heavens, I was there
when he set a compass upon the face of the deep
In his empowering of the clouds above
in the strong gathering of the fountains of the deep
When he gave to the sea its boundary
that the waters should not pass his commandment
when he determined the foundations of the earth
Then was I by him as a master-workman
and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him,
Rejoicing in his habitable earth
and my delight was with the sons of men

Blessed is the man that heareth me,
watching daily at my gates,
waiting at the posts of my doors,
For whoso findeth me findeth life
but he that misseth me wrongeth his own soul
All they that hate me love death

2

IN the beginning was MIND*,
and that Mind was with God,
and the Mind was God
The same was in the beginning with God
All things were made by it
and without it was not anything made that was made
In it was life,
and the life was the light of men
And the light shineth in the darkness,
and the darkness overpowered it not

* i e the
mind of
God, and its
expression
See note

Idea of God

43

O HOW may I express thee great God
O how can I say His sweet will and pleasure
If I should say He is like them that see
If I say He is like them that hear
He maketh them to feel the power of His love
The glorious and the lowly, both are His love
He is not limited by time or space
He is rich in mercy and in grace
There are no words to tell what He is

44

O LORD Thou hast searched out and known me,
Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising
Thou understandest my thoughts afar
Thou discernest my path and my bed
and art acquainted with all my ways
For lo! ere thou wast on my tongue,
Thou O Lord, knowest what I desire
Thou dost compass me behind and before
and over me Thou hast laid thine hand
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy spirit
or whither shall I flee then from thy face?
If I climb up into heaven Thou art there
if I lay me down in hell Thou art there also
If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the
uttermost parts of the sea
even there also should thy hand lead me and thy
right hand hold me

Omnipresence

If I say, Peradventure the darkness may whelm me,
let my day be turned into night,—
The darkness is no darkness with Thee,
the night is as clear as the day,
darkness and light to Thee are both alike

The stirrings of my heart were of Thee,
Thou didst knit me together in my mothers womb
I will give thanks unto Thee in my fear and wonder
Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth
right well

My frame was not hid from Thee,
when I was made secretly and richly wrought in the
deep of the earth

Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect
And in thy book they were all written,
The days that were outshapen for me,
when as yet there was none of them

How dear are thy thoughts unto me, O God,
O how great is the sum of them !
Should I tell them, they are more in number than the sand
My spirit awaketh, and still I am with Thee

Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart,
prove me and examine my thoughts
Look well if there be any way of sorrow in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting

THE everlasting universe of things
Flows thro' the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs

The Universe

The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters, with a sound but half its own

* The
Ravine of
the Arve
See note

Thou art the path of that unresting sound,
Dizzy Ravine¹* and when I gaze on thee
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate phantasy,
My own, my human mind which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around,
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy
Seeking among the shadows that pass by,
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image, till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there¹

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live I look on high,
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessible
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales¹
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears,—still snowy, and serene
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock

Power

Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelope once this silent snow?
None can reply all seems eternal now
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to reveal
Large codes of fraud and woe, not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth, lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower, the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap,
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him, and all that his may be,—
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible

And whence are we? Of thy divine love-store,
Loving, hast Thou our slender love-life made,
That unafraid
We may thy dazling love see and adore

Idea of God

47

GRASP the Skirt of his Grace, for on a sudden He will
flee away
But draw Him not impatiently to thee, lest He fly as
an arrow from the bow
What shape will He not assume? What shifts He
employeth?¹
If He be apprehended in Form, He will flee by way of
the Spirit
If thou seek Him in the sky He will gleam in the water
like the moon
If thou go into the water, He fleeth to the sky
If thou seek Him in the spaceless, He beckoneth to
Space
When thou seekest Him in Space, He fleeth to the
spaceless
His Name will flee, the while thou mouldest thy lips for
speech
Thou may'st not even say, Such an one will flee
He will flee from thee, so that if thou paint his picture,
The picture will flee from the tablet, and his features from
thy soul

48

What then? Do they not remember that they have
seen God? Or rather do they not always see Him,
and while they see Him, it is not possible for them to
say that they have seen Him, for that would be the
state of those who had ceased to see

49

SINCE I believe in God the Father Almighty,
 Man's Maker and Judge, Overruler of Fortune,
 Ever strange sh^d I prize anything & refuse Him praise
 Shou'd lo^e the creature forgetting the Creator,
 Nor unto Him in suffering and sorrow turn me
 Nw how could I withdraw mv from His embracing?

But since that I have seen not and cannot know Him,
 Nor in my earthly temple apprehend rightly
 His wisdom and the heavenly purpose eternal,
 Therefor will I be bound to no studied system
 Nor argument, nor with delusion enslave me,
 Nor seek to please Him in my foolish invention,
 Which my spirit within me, th^t loveth beauty
 And hateth evil, hth reprov'd as unworthy

But I cherish my freedom in loving service
 Graciously adoring for delight beyond asking
 Or thinking and in hours of anguish and darkness
 Considing always on His excellent greatness

50

Il me faut, comme à l'univers un Dieu, qui me
 sauve du chaos et de l'anarchie de mes idées Son
 idée délivre notre esprit de ses longs tourments, et notre
 cœur de sa vaste solitude

51

You are young, my son, and, as the years go by,
 time will change and even reverse many of your present

Future Life

in earlier days he had known the Prince's atheistical convictions

You say that you cannot see the kingdom of goodness and truth on earth. Neither have I seen it nor is it possible for any one to see it who looks upon this life as the sum and end of all. On the earth, that is to say on this earth (Pierre pointed to the fields), there is no truth, all is falsehood and evil but in the universe, in the whole universe, truth has its kingdom, and we who are now children of the earth are none the less children of the universe. Do not I feel in my soul that I am actually a member of this vast harmonious whole? Do not I feel that in this countless assemblage of beings wherein the Divinity, the First Cause—or however you may term it—is manifested I make one link, one step between the lower beings and the higher? If I see, and clearly see the ladder leading from plant to man, then why must I suppose that it breaks off at me, and does not lead on further and beyond? I feel not only that I cannot utterly perish, since nothing in the universe is annihilated, but that I always shall be and always was. I feel that besides me are spirits that live above me, and that in this universe there is truth.

Yes, that is Herder's doctrine, said Prince André, but it is not that, my friend that will convince me,—life and death—they are what convince a man. The sort of thing that convinces a man is when he sees a being dear to him, with whose life he has been intimately bound up, to whom he has done a wrong, and has wished to make atonement (Prince André's voice trembled and he turned away), and suddenly this being suffers, is tortured and ceases to be—Why? It cannot

Conviction

be that there is no answer And I believe that there is one That is what convinces a man That is what has convinced me, said Prince André

Why certainly, that is it, said Pierre is not that just what I was saying?

No I only say that it is no arguments that convince one of the necessity of a future life but the fact that one has been going thro' life in fond companionship with another, and suddenly that dear one vanishes *there, into the nowhere* and you yourself are left on the brink of the chasm looking down in to it And I have looked

Well, and what then? You have known *There* and a *Someone* Th *There* is the future life the *Someone* is God

Prince André did not reply The carriage and horses had long been led out on to the further bank and were already harn and, the sun was half-sunken beneath the horizon and the evening frost was beginning to incrust the little pools on the shore with starry crystals while Pierre and André to the astonishment of the servants coachmen and ferry-men, still stood in the boat talking

If God and the future life exist then truth and virtue exist, and man's highest happiness consists in striving for their attainment One must live said Pierre, one must love, one must believe that we live not merely now on this patch of earth but that we have lived and shall live eternally here in the universe He pointed to the sky

Prince André stood leaning on the rail of the ferry-boat and listening to Pierre He never moved his eyes, but gazed at the red reflection of the sun in the dark-blue flood Pierre ceased speaking All was silent The ferry-boat lay drifted along the bank, and only the ripples of the current could be heard lapping feebly

Worship

against its sides. Prince André fancied that this pitter of the water babbled a refrain to Pierre's words 'That is sooth, accept it—that is sooth, accept it.'

53

GOD mastering me,
Giver of breath and bread,
World's strand, sway of the sea,
Lord of living and dead,
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fasten'd me flesh,
And after it times almost unmade me with dread,
Thy doing, and dost Thou touch me afresh?
Over again I feel thy finger and find Thee

54

Not with doubting but with assured consciousness do I love thee, O Lord. Thou didst strike my heart with thy word and I loved thee. And the heavens too, and the earth and all therein, manifestly on every side they bid me love thee, nor cease to say so unto all, that there may be no excuse.

But what do I love when I love Thee? Not grace of bodies, nor the beauty of the seasons, nor the brightness of the light, so gladsome to these eyes, nor inexhaustible melodies of sweet song, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, of ointments and spices, not manner and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of the flesh. None of these love I when I love my God—and yet I love a kind of light, and of melody and of fragrance, a kind of food, and a manner of embracement, when I

Spiritual Love

love my God, the embracement, food, fragrance, melody, and light of my inner man where there shineth unto my soul what space containeth not, and there soundeth what time snatcheth not, and there smelleth what breath disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating cloyeth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. This is which I love when I love my God

And what is this? I asked the earth and it said, I am not He' and whatsoever is in it confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps, and all that swimming or creeping live therein and they answered 'We are not thy God, seek above us'. I asked the wandering winds, and the whole air with his inhabitants spoke 'Anaximenes was deceived, I am not God'. I asked the heavens, sun, moon and stars, 'Nor (say they) are we the God whom thou seekest'. And I replied unto all those things which encompass the door of my flesh, 'Ye have told me of my God, that ye are not he. Tell me something of him'. And they cried all with a great voice 'He made us'. My questioning them was my mind's desire, and their Beauty was their answer

55

He asked 'Who standeth at my door?' I said 'Thy indigent slave'

He asked 'What dost thou here?' I said 'I am come to greet Thee O my Lord'

He asked 'How long wilt thou persist?' I said 'Until Thou call me in'

He asked 'How long wilt thou desire it?' I said 'Till the last day of time, O Lord'

Devotion

I had clum to his Love I took solemn oath that for
love of Him I had renounc't wealth and power
He asked Doth not a judge demand a witness to prove
a clum?

I said Tears are my witnesses, and my pale face the
evidence

He asked Is thy witness trustworthy, when thine eyes
are wayward?

I said I swear by thy great Justice, they are pure
and free from sin

He asked What desirest thou of me? I said Thy
Constancy and Friendship

He asked Who was thy Comrade? I said The
thought of Thee, O King

He asked Who call'd thee hither? I said The
rumour of thy Feast

O ask ye no more of me Were I to tell you more
words of his,

Ye would burst your bonds no roof nor door could
restrain you

56

LOVE bide me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything

'A guest', I answered, 'worthy to be here'
Love said, 'You shall be he'

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee'

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

57

HOW could my Love be so far from my senses
 As that at the Time I hold her in my arms
 O Thou art my Love still with me
 As the rock which chide the wind and the moon,
 O Thou art my Love still in my arms
 From the bottom and the edge of Love there is love
 between Thee and I
 and how shall I love Thee as I do

Kann'st thou Love me more than I do
 so my heart toucheth Thine

58

I CANNOT of mine eyes
 But Thou art ready there to catch
 My morning soul and sacrifice

59

WHAT pearl art Thou that no man may pay thy price
 What doth the World offer, which is no gift from Thee,
 What punishment is greater than to dwell afar from Thy Face,
 Torture not thy slave, that he be unworthy of Thee

Adoration

Whoever is whelm'd in the waves of Chance, can never escape,
if he look not to Thee as Friend

The World hath no permanence what it hath

I esteem as perishable, for it is strange to thy permanence

My wish ever is to fling my heart and my soul at thy Feet

Dust be on the head of the soul, that hath received not the dust
of thy Feet !

I will not shun thy stroke for impure is the heart that hath not
burn'd in the flame of thine Affliction

No end is there, O Lord, to thy praises, and no count of thy
Praises

What atom is there that danceth not with abandon in thy praise ?

SHAMS-I-TABRIZ, beauty and pride of the skies, saith

What king is there, but with heart and soul is a beggar of Thee ?

60

I GOT me flowers to strow thy way,

I got me boughs off many a tree

But thou wast up by break of day,

And brought'st thy sweets along with thee

61

"T'WAS at the season when the Earth upsprings
From slumber, as a sphered angel's child,

Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,

Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—

So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,

The fresh and radiant Earth The hoary grove

64

Great art thou, O Lord, and highly to be praised
great is thy power and thy wisdom is infinite
Thou awakest us to delight in thy praise, for thou
madest us for thyself, and our heart is unquiet till it
rest in thee

65

O LORD our Governour,
How excellent is thy name in all the world,
Thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens !
Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings
hast thou establish'd strength because of thine adversaries,
that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained—
What is man, that thou art mindful of him,
and the son of man, that thou regardest him ?
Thou hast set him but little lower than godhead,
to crown him with glory and worship
Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands,
thou hast put all things under his feet,
All sheep and oxen,
yea and the beasts of the field,
The fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea
and whatsoever goeth thro' the paths of the sea
O Lord our Governour,
How excellent is thy name in all the world !



Book II



66

DANCE, my heart, O dance to-day with joy !
The hymn of Love filleth the days and the nights
with music, & the world hearkeneth to the melody

Mad with joy, Life and Death dance to the rhythm of
this music

The hills and the sea and the earth dance

The world of man danceth in laughter and tears

Why put on the robe of the monk, and live aloof from
the world in lonely pride ?

Behold my heart danceth in the delight of a hundred arts,
and the Creator is well-pleased

67

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever

Its loveliness increases, it will never

Pass into nothingness, but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,

Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways

The Arts

one showeth a pilgrim on his way to some shrine that he would visit for the teaching is only of whither and how to go, the vision itself is the work of him who hath willed to see

70

Omnia praeclara tam difficilia quam rara

71

I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life —I feel escaped from a new strange and threatening sorrow, and am thankful for it There is an awful warmth about my heart like a load of immortality The roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through the window-pane are my children The mighty abstract Idea of Beauty stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness

72

I AM here for thee,
Art thou there for me ?
Or, traitress to my watchful heart,
Dost thou from rock and wave depart,
And from the desolate sea ?

I am here for thee,
Art thou there for me ?
Spirit of brightness, shy and sweet !
My eyes thy glimmering robe would meet
Above the glimmering sea

Music

Float thro' all above the grave,
We make there our liquid lair,
Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
Through the boundless element

74

Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame,
Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought

75

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die

76

Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw,
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear

77

I PANT for ne music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower,
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine
Loo-en the notes in a silver shower,
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain
I gasp I faint, till they wake again

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh more,—I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to smother it,
The dissolving strain through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain

78

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In noces with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With v. anton heed, and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony

79

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Music

Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ,
Full little thought they than
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly com to live with them below
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolong each heav'nly close

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

80

IF music be the food of love, play on ,
Give me excess of it , that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die
That strain again ' it had a dying fall
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour Enough , no more
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

The Arts

O spirit of love how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy excipient
Receiveth is the very nought enters there,
Of which validity and price is never
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute so full of shames is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical

81

Those instruments with which high Spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity

82

Now, therein of all sciences (I speak still of
human) according to the human conceits is our Poet the
Monarch For he doth not only show the way, but
giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice
any man to enter into it Nay he doth, as if your
journey should lie through a fur Vineyard, at the first,
give you a cluster of Grapes, that, full of that taste,
you may long to pass further He beginneth not with
obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with
interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness,
but he cometh to you with words set in delightful pro-
port on, either accompanied with, or prepared for the
well enchanting skill of Music, and with a tale forsooth
he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children
from play, and old men from the chimney-corner

The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure

Nor let this necessity be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, in acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect, it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love, further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows and feels and lives and moves

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, it is the imprisoned expression which is in the countenance of all Science

In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs,—in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man

So as it appeareth that Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanymity [and] morality and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the

Poetry

mind whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind
unto the nature of things

85

Poetry the hand that wings
Bruised albeit at the wings,
Music from the soul of things

86

Poetry awakens and enlarges the mind by
a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought
Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the
world The great secret of morals is Love, or a
going out of our own nature, and an identification of our-
selves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action,
or person, not our own A man to be greatly good
must imagine intensely and comprehensively, he must
put himself in the place of another and of many others,
the pains and pleasures of his species must become his
own The great instrument of moral good is the
imagination Poetry enlarges the circumference of
the Imagination [and] strengthens the faculty
which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the
same manner as exercise strengthens a limb

87

O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,

Poetic Dream

Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men !

88

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon,
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone

89

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept,
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aereal kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses
He will watch from dawn till gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurselings of immortality
One of these awaken'd me
And I sped to succour thee

92

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes

93

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the ser,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like tught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone, and, yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee, when o'er the Ægean main

thee, i e
Liberty

Athens rose a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers

Architecture

Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry the ocean-floors
Pave it, the evening sky pavilions it,
Athens, diviner yet,
Gleam'd with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set,
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever

See no c It trembles, but it cannot pass away !*

94

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam,
Where bubbles burst and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold

95

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee
I saw thee every day, and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea
So pure the sky so quiet was the air !
So like, so very like, was day to day !
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there,
It trembled but it never passed away

Sculpture

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Punter's hand,
To express what then I saw , and add the gleam
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream

96

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ,
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve ,
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Cold Pastoral !

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
'Beauty is Truth Truth Beauty'—That is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

97

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

98

HOW happy wou'd a man be cou'd he imitate *Herodotus*! I do not say in all his perfections, for that wou'd be too great a wish, but either in the beauty of his discourse, or in the gravity of his sentences or in the delicacy of his *Ionique* tongue, or (to be short) in a thousand other advantages which make all those that wou'd attempt it, de-pairing drop their Pens

99

Soyons vrais, là est le secret de l'éloquence et de la vertu, là est l'autorité morale, c'est la plus haute maxime de l'art et de la vie

I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the
heart's affection, and the truth of Imagination. What
the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth.
The Imagination may be compared to Adam's dream
—he awoke and found it truth.

TRUE Thomas lay on Hunte's bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee,
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eldon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine,
At ill a test of her horse's mane,
Hunn fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd ill his cap
And louted low down to his knee
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas, (she said)
That name does not belong to me,
I'm but the Queen o' fur I'lland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp, Thomas, (she said),
Harp and carp along wi' me,
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be'—

True Thomas

'Boude me wel, boude me wel,
That word shall never daunen me.'
So he has kiss'd her rosy lips
All underneath the Eldon Tree

Now ye maun go wi' me (she said)
I see Thomas ye maun go wi' me,
And ye maun serve me seven years
Thro' weal or woe as my chance to be.

She nounc'd on her milk-white steed
She's aen true Thomas up behind
and we'll hence'er her bridle ring
The steed flew swifter than the wind

O they rode on and farther on
The steed grew swifter than the wind
Untill they reach'd a desert side,
And living land was left behind

Lift down, light down now true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three

'O see ye no yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Tho' few but few enquires

'And see ye no this braud braud road,
That lies across yon lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Tho' some call it the Road to Heaven.

'And see ye not that bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?

Elfland

That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae

‘But, Thomas ye will haid your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see
For if ye speak word in Elfland
Ye’ll ne er get back to your ain countrie’

O they rid on, and farther on,
And they waded thro’ rivers abune the knee
And they saw neither sun nor mune,
But hey heard the roaring of the sea

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae starlight.
They waded thro’ red blude to the knee
For a’ the blude that’s shed on earth
Runs thro’ the springs o’ that countrie

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu’d an apple frae a tree
‘Take this for thy wages, true Thomas,
It will give the tongue that can never lee’—

‘My tongue is mair ain (true Thomas said)
A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell
At fair or trye where I may be

‘I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady!’—
‘Nae hold thy peace Thomas (she said),
For as I say, so must it be’

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth
And a pair o’ shoon of velvet green
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen

Elfland

102

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark hark !
Bowgh, wowgh
The watch-dogs bark
Bowgh, wowgh
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-do

103

HE stood among a crowd at Drumahair,
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
And he had known at last some tenderness,
Before earth made of him her sleepy care,
But when a man poured fish into a pile,
It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,
Where people love beside star-laden seas,
How Time may never mar their faery vows
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs
The singing shook him out of his new ease

As he went by the sands of Lisadill,
His mind ran all on money cares and fears,
And he had known at last some prudent years
Before they heaped his grave under the hill,

Elfland

But while he passed before a plashy place,
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race,
And how beneath those three-times blessed skies
A Danish fruitage makes a shower of moons,
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes
And at that singing he was no more wise

He mused beside the well of Scarnvin,
He mused upon his mockers without fail
His sudden vengeance were a country tale,
Now that deep earth has drunk his body in,
But one small knot-grass growing by the pool
Told where, ah, little, all-unneded voice!
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice,
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool,
And how, when fades the sea-strewn rose of day,
A gentle feeling wraps them like a fleece,
And all their trouble dies into its peace,
The tale drove his fine angry mood away

He slept under the hill of Lugnagill,
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,
Now that old earth had taken man and all
Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God lends His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones,
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss
The man has found no comfort in the grave

Fairy Flights

104

WHERE the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

105

These were time pleasures—she would often climb
The steepest ladder of the crudded rick
Up to some beak'd eye of cloud sublime,
And like Anon on the dolphin's back
Ride singing through the shoreless air—oft-time
Following the serpent lightning's winding track,
She ran upon the platforms of the wind
And laughed to hear the fire balls roar behind

106

And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the missy temples lie,
And never are eras'd—but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
Through lotus-paven canals and wheresoever
The works of man pierced that serenest sky
With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 'twas her delight
To wander in the shadow of the night.

107

CALME was the day and through the trembling ayre
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—

Romance

A gentle spirit, thit lightly did deliy
Hot Titans beims, which then did glyster fyre
When I* (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In Princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my bryne,)
Wilkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shore of silver-streaming Themmes,
Whose ruddy Bink, the which his river hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meids adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to deck maidens bowers,
And crown their Parimours
Against the Bridle day, which is not long
Sweet Themmes¹ run softly, till I end my Song .

* Edmund
Spenser

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me give this lifes first native source,
Tho' from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient time
There when they came, wherens those bricky towers
The which on Themmes broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylom wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride,
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case,
But ah¹ here fits not well
Old woes, but joys to tell
Against the Bridle day, which is not long
Sweet Themmes¹ run softly, till I end my song .

Stars and Angels

108

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears—soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony
Sit, Jessica! look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

109

O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance,
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world
Is all too narrow
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace
Delightedly dwells he among fays and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring
Or chasms and watery depths—all these have vanish'd.

Spirit Wanderings

They live no longer in the faith of reason
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend

110

I have been still led like a child
My heedless wayward path and wild
Thro' this rough world by feebler clues,
So they were bright, than rainbow-dews
Spun by the insect gossamer
To climb with thro' the rosy air

111

THERE was a man whom Sorrow named his friend,
And he, of his high comrade Sorrow dreaming,
Went walking with slow steps along the gleaming
And humming sands, where windy surges wend
And he called loudly to the stars to bend
From their pale thrones and comfort him, but they
Among themselves laugh on and sing away
And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend
Cried out, *Dim sea, hear my most piteous story!*
The sea swept on and cried her old cry still,
Rolling along in dreams from hill to hill,
He fled the persecution of her glory
And, in a far-off, gentle valley stopping,
Cried all his story to the dewdrops glistening,
But naught they heard, for they are always listening,
The dewdrops, for the sound of their own dropping

Sorrow's Story

And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend
Sought once again the shore, and found a shell
And thought, *I will my heavy story tell*
Till my own words, re-echoing, shall send
Their sadness through a lollow, pearly heart,
And my own tale again for me shall sing,
And my own whispering words, be comforting
And lo! my ancient burden may depart
Then he sang softly nigh the pearly rim,
But the sad dweller by the sea-ways lone
Changed all he sang to inarticulate moan
Among her wildering whorls, forgetting him

112

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons
And sent them o'er the sea
They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her three sons were gane
They hadna been a week from her
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see —
'I wish the wind may never cease
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!'
It fell about the Martinmas
When nights are long and mirk

The Ancient Burden

The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk
It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet on any sheugh,
But at the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair enough —

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For I' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well' —
And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's trown her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the grey,
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away' —
The cock he had not crew'd but once
And clapp'd his wings at I'
When the youngest to the eldest sud,
'Brother we must rwa

The cock doth crew, the day doth caw,
The channerin worm doth chide,
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place
A sur prun we maun bide' —

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnell lies!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt
 And died to succour me!

O think naye my heart was sair
 When my Love drop and spak me mair?
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirconnell lies

As I wen down the waterside
 None but my foe to be my guide
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnell lies,

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hacked him in pieces sma',
 I hacked him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me

O Helen fair beyond compare!
 I'll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair
 Until the day I dee

O that I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries,
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, 'Haste and come to me'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 If I were with thee I were blest,

The Wild Stream

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn owre my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries
And I am weery of the skies
For her sake that died for me

114

O wild and desert stream !
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern-wall
Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream !

115

LA Rivière de Cassis roule ignorée
En des vaux étranges
La voix de cent corbeaux l'accompagne, vraie
Et bonne voix d'anges
Avec les grands mouvements des sapinaes
Quand plusieurs vents plongent
Tout roule avec des mystères révoltants
De campagnes d'anciens temps
De donjons visités, de parcs importants
C'est en ces bords qu'on entend
Les passions mortes des chevaliers errants
Mais que salubre est le vent !

Dryads

Que le piéton regarde à ces clairesvoies
Il ira plus courageux
Soldats des forêts que le Seigneur envoie,
Chers corbeaux délicieux !
Faites fuir d'ici le paysan matois
Qui tringue d'un moignon vieux

116

And so this man returned with awe and saw
A evening close from killing the tall tree
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law
Was each a wood-nymph and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene
With jagged leaves, —and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep —or creeping oft
Fair show'ers of æreal water drops
In o their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness, —
Around the cradles of the birds aloft
They spread themselves in o the loveliness
Of fan like leaves, and o'er pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds —or where high branches kiss,
Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis
Surrounded by the columns and the towers
All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion —and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies
Odours and gleams and murmurs

The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell

Fantastic Forms

117

O Lily-lady,
Dreaming serenely alone in cloud-garden shady,
No longer may'st thou muse, no more repose,
O lily-lady
In thy garden shady

The great rose
Now waking, his crimson splendour doth loftily dispose,
Now is thy calm day done, now the star-daisies close,
O lily-lady
In thy garden shady

118

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? In those days I saw gods, as 'old men covered with a mantle', walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,—in the heart of childhood there will for ever spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from everyday forms educating the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

The Woodland Spirit

119

I am the power
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bower,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Planes I save from nightly ill
Of noisom winds and blasting vapours chill,
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites
When Eer'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
Shall's the high thicket haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But els in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.

120

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Kubla Khan

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw

Mountain Music

It was in Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abori
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

121

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading—
It vexes me to choose another guide—
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side

122

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,

Visionary Flowers

And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets,
Faint oxslips, tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved, and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day,
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light,
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way

Shadow Worlds

That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it '—oh ' to whom ?

123

HAD I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams

124

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden
That apparition, sole of men, he saw
For know there are two worlds of life and death
One that which thou beholdest, but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live
Till death unite them and they part no more,
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes

Tawny Trees

25

LOV'ST thou tawny trees ?
I can show thee soon
Stranger sights than these
Throngs of wilder'd kings
Their power who sold,
Wearing its ruddy price
In coins of gold

Lov'st thou lilies white,
Untrod vales where bisk
Fields of scented light ?

Come where cloister'd queens
By thousands sing
Their virgin saintliness
Warm-sheltering

Wilt thou strength and life ?
Wilt thou beauteous ease
Far from soiling strife ?

When thy powers surrender
Their glory tall,
When thy calm soft-closeth
At evening fall,

When no joys shall please,
I can still devise
Fairer things than these

26

O BLEST unfabled Incense Tree,
That burns in glorious Araby,

The Phoenix

With red scent chalicing the air,
Till earth-life grow Elysian there¹

Half buried to her flaming breast
In this bright tree she makes her nest,
Hundred-sunned Phoenix¹ when she must
Crumble at length to hoary dust,

Her gorgeous death-bed, her rich pyre
Burnt up with aromatic fire,
Her urn, sight-high from spoiler men,
Her birthplace when self-born again

The mountainless green wilds among,
Here ends she her unechoing song
With amber tears and odorous sighs
Mourned by the desert where she dies

127

* these
joys are
the mere
luxuries
of poetry

And can I ever bid these joys* farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts for lo! I see afar,
O'er-sailing the blue cragginess a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear
And now the numerous tramlings quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge, and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide,
And now I see them on a green hill-side
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks
The charioteer with wondrous gesture talks

The Charioteer

To the trees and mountains, and there soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks—is they would chase
Some ever-fleeting music, on they sweep
Lo! how they murmur, laugh, and smile, and weep
Some with upholden hand and mouth severe,
Some with their faces muffled to the ear
Between their arms, some clear in youthful bloom,
Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom,
Some looking back, and some with upward gaze

Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow!

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went

128

A man's life of any worth is a continual Allegory,
and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life

129

Qui veut voir parfaitement clair avant de se déterminer ne se détermine jamais Qui n'accepte pas le regret n'accepte pas la vie

Nocturnal Notes

130

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses hunt
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief
Thee *Sion* and the flow'ring Brooks beneath
That wish thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyras* and blind *Meonides*,
And *Tiresias* and *Plinius* Prophets old
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful wailes of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight

Celestial Light

131

Raising me on ethereal wing
Lighter than the lark can spring
When drunk with dewlight, which the Morn
Pours from her translucent horn
To steep his sweet throat in the corn

132

Now every human soul must have seen the realities of that other world, else could she not have entered into this body

But to recall those things by means of the things of this world is not easy for every soul. It may be that some, when in the other world, had too brief a vision of it, and others, when they fell hitherward, met with ill fortune, and, through various companionships being turned to iniquity, forgot the holy things which they had seen aforetime. Few indeed are left who have a ready and sufficient memory, and they, when they behold here any likeness of the things there, are amazed and cannot contain themselves. But what this emotion really is they know not, because their perception is too indistinct.

133

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream

Man's Heritage

It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar
Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy,
The Youth, who daily further from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended,
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction not indeed

Childhood

For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence — truths that wake,

To perish never

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

TELL me, tell me, smiling child,
What the Past is like to thee
—An Autumn evening soft and mild
With a wind that sighs mournfully

Tell me what is the Present hour
—A green and flowery spray,
Where a young bird sits gathering its power
To mount and fly away

And what is the Future, happy one?
—A sea beneath a cloudless sun
A mighty glorious dazzling sea
Stretching into Infinity

The inspiring music's thrilling sound,
The glory of the festal day,
The glittering splendor rising round,
Have pass'd like all earth's joys away

Forsaken by that lady fair
She glides unheeding thro' them all,
Covering her brow to hide the tear
That still, tho' check'd, trembles to fall

She hurries thro' the outer hall,
And up the stairs thro' galleries dim,
That murmur to the breezes' call,
The night-wind's lonely vesper-hymn

135

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity,
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not

136

MON petit fils qui n'as encor rien vu,
 A ce matin, ton père te salue,
 Vien-t-en, vien voir ce monde bien pourvu
 D'honneurs et biens qui sont de grant value,
 Vien voir la paix en France descendue,
 Vien voir François, notre roy et le tien,
 Qui a la France ornée et défendue,
 Vien voir le monde ou y a tant de bien

Jan, petit Jan, vien voir ce tant beau monde,
 Ce ciel d'azur, ces estoiles luisantes,
 Ce soleil d'or, cette grant terre ronde,
 Cette ample mer, ces rivières bruyantes,
 Ce bel air vague et ces nues courantes,

Childhood

Ces beaux oyseaux qui chantent à plaisir,
Ces poissons frais et ces bestes paissantes,
Vien voir le tout a souhait et désir

Petit enfant ! peux-tu le bien venu
Estre sur terre, ou tu n'apportes rien,
Mais où tu viens comme un petit ver nu ?
Tu n'as de drap ne linge qui soit tien,
Or ny argent n'aucun bien terrien,
A pere et mere apportes seulement
Peine et soucy et voila tout ton bien
Petit enfant, tu viens bien povrement !

De ton honneur ne veul plus être chiche,
Pe it enfant de grand bien jouissant,
Tu viens au monde aussi grand aussi riche
Comme le roy et aussi florissant
Ton héritage est le ciel splendissant,
Tes serviteurs sont les anges sans vice,
Ton trésorier, c'est le Dieu tout-puissant
Grace divine est ta mère nourrice.

137

I cannot paint
What then I was The sounding cataract
Hunted me like a passion the tall rock
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,

The Rainbow

And all its dizzy raptures Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things

138

The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as
intangible and indescribable as the tints of morning or
evening It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of
the rainbow which I have clutched

139

Making a complement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems

140

DEAR Friend seest thou not
that whatever we look on here
Is but an image shadows only
of a beauty hid from our eyes?

Dear friend hear'st thou not
this jarring tumult of life
Is but a far discordant echo
of heaven's triumphant harmonies?

Dear friend, know'st thou not
that the only truth in the world
Is what one heart telleth another
in speechless greetings of love?

141

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give
Tha' due of many now is thine alone
Their images I loved I view in thee
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me

142

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hind, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise

143

NOW at thy soft recalling voice I rise
Where thought is lord o'er Time's complete estate,
Like as a dove from out the gray sedge flies
To tree-tops green where cooes his heavenly mate
From these clear coverts high and cool I see
How every time with every time is knit,
And each to all is mortised cunningly,
And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit
Thus, if this Age but as a common show
'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,
My calmer soul scorns not the mark I know
This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears
Yet more I learn while, Friend! I sit by thee
Who sees all time, sees all eternity

144

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir change, all please alike
Sweet is the breth of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds, pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flour,
Glistring with dew, fragrant the fertul earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Eevning milde then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starnie train
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet

145

A,RT thou gone so far
Beyond the poplar tops, beyond the sunset-bar,
Beyond the purple cloud that swells on high
In the tender fields of sky ?
O come thou again !
Be heard in the voice that across the river comes
From the distant wood, even when the stilly rain
Is made to cease by light winds come again,
As out of yon grey glooms,
When the cloud grows luminous and shiftily riven,
Forth comes the moon, the sweet surprise of heaven,
And her footfall light

Ideal Love

Drops on the multiplied wave her face is seen
In evening's pallor green
And she waxes bright
With the death of the tinted air yea, brighter grows
In sunset's gradual close
To earth from heaven comes she,
So come thou to me

146

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me my summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose,
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play

147

L'héroïsme, l'extase, la prière, l'amour, l'enthousiasme
tracent l'auréole autour d'un front, parce qu'ils dégagent
l'âme, qui rend transparente son enveloppe et rayonne
ensuite autour d'elle *La beauté est donc un phénomène de
spiritualisation de la matière* Comme un puissant
courant électrique peut rendre les métaux lumineux et ré-
vèle leur essence par la couleur de leur flamme, de même

Ideal Love

La vie intense et la joie suprême embellissent jusqu'à
l'éblouissement un simple mortel

148

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun ,
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea,—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new ,
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun

149

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee the pleasure of the fleeting year !

Ideal Love

What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute,
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near

150

The only strength for me is to be found in the sense of a personal presence everywhere, it scarcely matters whether it be called human or divine, a presence which only makes itself felt at first in this and that particular form and feature. Into this presence we come, not by leaving behind what are usually called earthly things, or by loving them less, but by living more intensely in them, and loving more what is really loveable in them, for it is literally true that this world *is* everything to us, if only we choose to make it so, if only we 'live in the present' *because* it is eternity

151

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Ideal Love

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope
With what I most enjoy contented least,

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee — and then my state
(I like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings

152

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee,
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart
And fall before thee

153

Love's reward is sweet,
But its reward is the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave

154

ALL things uncomely and broken,
all things worn out and old,

Ideal Love

The cry of a child by the roadway,
the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman,
splashing the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms
a rose in the deeps of my heart

The wrong of unshapely things
is a wrong too great to be told,
I hunger to build them anew
and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water
remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms
a rose in the deeps of my heart

155

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pray as if not paid before
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end

156

157

THERE is a soul above the soul of each
A higher soul which yet to each belongs
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numberous as the concourse of all songs
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages to its life time pass,
Each soul that dies in its risen sacred whole
Receives his life that shall for ever last
And thus for ever live in a wider space
Humanity o'erarches time and death,
Man can elect the universal man
And live in life that ends not with his breath,
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill

158

A SWIFT dark dream from the outer lands,
From the folk whose talk none understands,

Dark Messages

Along my smooth sleep travelling,
Yet tampering not with my ken's rest,
Pass'd as undisturbingly
As a nightjar o'er the quietude
Of the clear'd middle of a pine-wood
Seemeth to haunt the evening,
And leave the blue air yet more whist
And yesternight it haunted me,
Again, suddenly, quietly,
Shadowy wings above my clear sleep
But swift, so swift it might scarce be seen.
Not as with me it had to do,
But eagerly, as though it flew
From mystery to mystery,
And my sleep lay in between,—
Once before, and yesternight

So twice I have felt its noiseless flight,
Twice has my sleep been the road
The dark message took in journeying
From the one to the other secret ruin,—
Out of the dark lying behind,
Into that lying before, man's mind,
My sleep was the only bridge for the thing
Whereon to cross Reality

But the third time, if it come again,
A stranger, unkindly from the abode
Of Beginnings sent to the place of Dooms,
Shewing me thus so easily
Way thro' the skirts of time to the glooms
That march both sides our bodily place,—
My soul will up and give it chase,
Out of my sleep my soul will slip
And ere that duty vanisheth
I'll o'ertake its moth-wing'd speed
And be it a bird softer fledge

Silence of Nature

divineness of souls except) will not seem much other
than an ant-hill, where's some ants carry corn, and some
carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro
a little heap of dust

162

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity

163

Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie

164

Science carries us into zones of speculation, where there
is no habitable city for the mind of man

165

If a man were to ask Nature for what purpose she
produces, and if she chose to attend and reply to him,
she would say 'You should never have asked, you ought
to have understood in silence, even as I keep silence and
am wont to say nothing. What is it then that you
should have understood?' This, that whatever is pro-
duced is a sight for me (Nature) to look upon in silence,
a vision naturally produced, and that I, who am myself
the child of such a vision, am of my nature a lover of

Man in Nature

The unclouded sun, all things 'twixt sun and shade,
That into that which we call thee rise,
They are thy temple, builded and display'd
For worship fair

167

Dieu est présent dans la nature, mais la nature
n'est pas Dieu, il y a une nature en Dieu, mais ce n'est
pas Dieu même

168

Certes, la Nature est inique, sans pudeur, sans
probité et sans foi Elle ne veut connaître que la faveur
gratuite et l'aversion folle, et n'entend compenser une
injustice que par une autre Le bonheur de quelques-
uns s'expie par le malheur d'un plus grand nombre —

Inutile d'ergoter contre une force aveugle

Il n'est nullement nécessaire que l'univers soit, mais
il est nécessaire que justice se fasse, et l'athéisme est
tenu d'expliquer l'opiniâtreté absolue de la conscience sur
ce point La Nature n'est pas juste, nous sommes les
produits de la Nature pourquoi réclapons-nous et pro-
phétisons-nous la justice ? pourquoi l'effort se redresse-
t-il contre sa cause ? le phénomène est singulier Cette
revendication provient-elle d'un aveuglement puéril de la
vanité humaine ? Non, elle est le cri le plus profond de
notre être

Tel est le credo du genre humain La Nature sera
vaincue par l'Esprit, l'éternel aura raison du temps

Destiny

some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness —ah ! if I could show you this ! if I could show you these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls ! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot, it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom, they are condemned to some nobility, all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter

170

I have seen the travail which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. He hath made everything beautiful in its time, he hath also set the world in their heart, and yet so that man cannot find out the work that God hath wrought from the beginning even unto the end. I know that whatsoever God doeth shall be for ever, nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, and God hath done it that he be dried

171

Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born,
Every morn and every night

Providence

Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine
Under every grief and pain
Runs a joy with silken twine
It is right it should be so
Man was made for joy and woe,
And when this we rightly know
Safely through the world we go

172

nous devons chercher la consolation à nos maux, non pas dans nous-mêmes, non pas dans les hommes, non pas dans tout ce qui est créé, mais dans Dieu. Et la raison en est que toutes les créatures ne sont pas la première cause des accidents que nous appelons maux, mais que la providence de Dieu en étant l'unique et véritable cause, l'arbitre et la souveraine, il est indubitable qu'il faut recourir directement à la source et remonter jusqu'à l'origine, pour trouver un solide allègement. Que si nous suivons ce précepte, et que nous envisageons cet événement, non pas comme un effet du hasard, non pas comme une nécessité fatale de la nature, non pas comme le jouet des éléments et des parties qui composent l'homme, mais comme une suite indispensable, inévitable, juste, sainte, non pas dans lui-même et hors de Dieu, mais hors de lui-même et dans l'intime de la volonté de Dieu, dans la justice de son arrêt, dans l'ordre de sa providence, qui en est la véritable cause,

Harmony of Nature

sans qui il ne fût pas arrivé, par qui seul il est arrivé et de la manière dont il est arrivé, nous adorerons dans un humble silence nous bénirons la conduite de sa providence, et unissant notre volonté à celle de Dieu même, nous voudrons avec lui, en lui et pour lui, la chose qu'il a voulue en nous et pour nous de toute éternité

173

I am at one with everything, O Universe,
which is well-fitting in thee
Nothing to me is early or late which is timely with thee
All is fruit to me that thy seasons bring
O Nature, from thee are all things,
in thee are all things,
to thee all things return
The poet saith, Dear city of Cecrops,
shall not I say Dear City of God

174

Chaque être peut arriver à l'harmonie quand il y est, il est dans l'ordre, et il représente la pensée divine aussi clairement pour le moins qu'une fleur ou qu'un système solaire. L'harmonie ne cherche rien en dehors d'elle-même. Elle est ce qu'elle doit être, elle exprime le bien, l'ordre, la loi, le vrai, elle est supérieure au temps et représente l'éternel.

J'éprouve avec intensité que l'homme, dans tout ce qu'il fait ou peut faire de beau, de grand, de bon n'est

Nature's Enchantment

que l'organe et le véhicule de quelque chose ou de quel
qu'un de plus haut que lui. Ce sentiment est religion.
L'homme relié au monde avec un tremblement de joie
sacrée à ces phénomènes dont il est l'intermédiaire sans
en être l'origine, dont il est le théâtre sans en être
l'auteur.

175

This world is the City of Truth
its maze of paths enchain'd to the heart

176

And, day and night, aloof from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
'To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles and tell reality

177

TO one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look in on the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament
Who is more happy when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant hour
Of wavy grass and reads a debonaire
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye

Surrender

Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently

178

AUX branches claires des tilleuls
Meurt un maléfique hallali
Mais des chansons spirituelles
Voltigent partout les groscailles
Que notre sang rie en nos veines,
Voici s'enchevêtrer les vignes
Le ciel est joli comme un ange,
Azur et Onde communient
Je sors ! Si un rayon me blesse,
Je succomberai sur la mousse

Qu'on patiente et qu'on s'ennuie,
C'est si simple ! — Fi de ces peines
Je veux que l'été dramatique
Me lie à son char de fortune
Que par toi beaucoup, ô Nature,
— Ah moins nul et moins seul ! je meure

Je veux bien que les Saisons m'usent
À toi, Nature ! je me rends,
Et ma faim et toute ma soif,
Et s'il te plaît, nourris, abreuve
Rien de rien ne m'illusionne
C'est rire aux parents qu'au soleil
Mais moi je ne veux rire à rien
Et libre soit cette infortune

Sweet Content

179

HOW sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays,
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise

For he hears the lambs innocent call,
And he hears the ewes tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh

180

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace
Honest labour bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

The Lark's Song

181

Look thou within within thee is the fountain of good,
and it will ever spring, if thou wilt ever delve

182

GO NOT, O go not into the garden of flowers
Friend, go not thither
In thy body is the garden of flowers
Take thy seat on the thousand-petalled Lotus
And gaze thence on the infinite Beauty

183

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree ,
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me
 O what sweet company !

184

To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his witch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ,
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn

The Book of Nature

Cheerly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill
Som time walking now unseen
By Hedge row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Lavers dight
While the Plowman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his scythe
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale

185

WITH love exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck,
Or change their perch on a beak of quivering wings
From branch to branch, only restless to pipe and peck,
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a bill,
Or cast their web between brimble and thorny hook,
The good physician Melampus, loving them all,
Among them walk'd as a scholar who reads a book

For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.
The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours
And where alike we are, unlike where, and the vein'd
Division, vein'd parallel, of a blood that flows
In them, in us, from the source by man unattain'd
Save marks he well what the mystical woods disclose

Spring-time

En leur ruche elles amassent
Des mellées fleurs la fleur,
C'est à fin qu'elles en fissent
Du miel la docte liqueur

Lou resonance des voix nées
De toutes rices d'oeuvres,
Par les charmes des dolours
Des cygne dessus les eaux

Aux moissons les ardoilles,
Les rossignols dans les bois,
En gayer ch'ne ons nouvelles
Exercent leurs belles voix

Et si le chaner m'arrête,
N'est ce pas avec raison
Puis qu'ainsi tout se recrée
Avec la gracie saison?

187

Thousand threads of rain and fire while a reathing of air
Hide from us earth's greenness, hide the enirching zu
Yet will a breath of spring homeward conveying attend us
And the mellow flutings of passionate Philomel

188

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then minds dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sing, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo

The palm and myrtle country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear the birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo

Spring-time

The fields breathe sweet the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witter woo
Spring, the sweet Spring !

189

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin
My ldy sweet, arise,
Arise, arise

190

LE Tems a lussié son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,
Et s'est vestu de broderie
De soleil riant, cler et beau

Il n'y a beste ne oiseau
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie
Le Tems a lussié son manteau

Riviere, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent en livrée jolüe
Gouttes d'argent d'orfèvrerie,
Chascun s'abille de nouveau
Le Tems a laissié son manteau

Spring Lovers

191

IT was a lover and his lass
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!
These pretty country folks would lie,
In Spring time, &c

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
How that life was but a flower
In Spring time, &c

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
For love is crowned with the prime,
In Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring

192

O HURRY here by water among trees
The delicate piping stag and his lady sigh,
When they have but looked upon their images,—
O that none ever loved but you and I!

Or have you heard that sliding silver-shoed
Pale silver-proud queen-woman of the sky,
When the sun looked out of his golden hood,—
O that none ever loved but you and I!

Spring Lovers

O hurry to the ragged wood, for there
I'll holla all those lovers out and cry—
O my share of the world, O yellow hair!
No one has ever loved but you and I

103

JEUNES amoureux nouveaux,
En la nouvelle saison,
Par les rues, sans raison
Chevauchant faisant les saux,

Et font saillir des carreaux
Le feu, comme de ch' rreux
Jeunes amoureux nouveaux
En la nouvelle saison

Je ne sçay se leurs travaux
Ils emploient bien ou non,
Mais piqués de l'espron
Sont auant que leurs chevaux,
Jeunes amoureux nouveaux

194

LO where the Virgin veiled in airy beams,
All holy Morn, in splendor wakes us;
Heav'n's gate hath harbored the golden
Aerial letters set open

With music and the night's prisoning terror
With flow'ry meads—Hurry to the sun,
That for the day's chase like hunters run,
With his hot arms conth' o'er the mountain

Spring Lovers

195

WHAN that April with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour,
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Rīm his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye
Tha slepen al the night with open ye,
(So priketh hem Nature in hir corages)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages

196

O MISTRESS mine, where art you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure

197

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither come hither!
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets
Come hither, come hither come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

198

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sir, heigh ho! unto the green holl,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly,
Then, heigh ho! the holl,
This life is mere jolly

Age & Youth

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou do'st not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot

Though thou the rivers warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd now

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly

Then, heigh ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly

199

CRABBED Age and Youth

Cannot live together

Youth is full of pleasure,

Age is full of care,

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather,

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short,

Youth is nimble, Age is lame,

Youth is ho and bold,

Age is weak and cold,

Youth is wild, and Age is tame

Age, I do abhor thee

Youth I do adore thee

O, my Love, my Love is young!

Age, I do defy thee

O sweet shepherd, hie thee!

For methinks thou stay'st too long

Human Life

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet,
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
Another rice hath been, and other palms are won
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears

203

TWO children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas,
Two strangers meeting at a festival,
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall,
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease,
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed,
Two children in one hamlet born and bred,
So runs the round of life from hour to hour

204

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love upgroweth with your age,
Repayreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up tasteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, tha passeth sone as flouris fayre,

The Fall of the Year

And loveth him, the which that right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in heaven above,
For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke ?

205

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and beir away
The richer cowslips home

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smother mead

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone

The Darkening Chamber

206

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driven away
And mournful learn Despair
Brings me now to deck my grave
Such end true lovers have

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold,
O why to him was it given
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all worshipp'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet,
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests boast
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay
True love doth pass away

207

I compare human life to a large Mansion of Many apartments, two of which I can only describe the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the infant or thoughtless Chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while and notwithstanding the doors of the second Chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it but are at length

Fancy's Knell

imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second Chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of, is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of Misery and Heart-break, Pain, Sickness, and Oppression—whereby this Chamber of Maiden-Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages—We see not the balance of good and evil—we are in a mist—we are now in that state—We feel the 'burden of the Mystery'

208

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?

Reply, reply

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
Ding, dong, bell

Book III



209

STOP and consider ! Life is but a day ,
SA fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit , a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci Why so sad a morn ?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown ,
The reading of an ever-changing tale ,
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil ,
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air ,
A laughing school boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm

210

JE vous envoie un bouquet que ma main
Vient de trier de ces fleurs epanies ,
Qui ne les eust à ce vespre cueillies,
Cheutes à terre elles fussent demin
Cela vous soit un exemple certain
Que vos beautez, bien qu'elles soient fleuries,
En peu de temps cherront toutes fletries,
Et, comme fleurs, periront tout soudain
Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame,
Lais ! le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons,
Et tost serons estendus sous la lame
Et des amours desquelles nous parlons,
Quand serons morts, ne sera plus nouvelle
Pour ce, aymez-moy, ce pendant qu'estes belle

The Wastes of Time

211

THE feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream ,
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow ,
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now

212

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow ,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence

213

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
 Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers
 To himself he talks,
 For at eventide listening earnestly,
 At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
 Of the mouldering flowers
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger lily

214

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed
 And on the pedestal these words appear
 'My name is Ozymandias king of kings
 Look on my works ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away

The Country Churchyard

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Elegy

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbad nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ,
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dæd
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn
There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

Mortality

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground'

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God

CETTE derrière a vu dames et hauts barons
Étincelants d'azur, d'or, de flamme et de nacre,
Incliner, sous la dextre auguste qui consacre,
L'orgueil de leurs cimiers et de leurs chaperons,

Mortality

Lorsqu'ils allent au bruit du cor ou des clairons
Avant le plume au poy le gortant ou le sacre,
Vers la plume ou le bois, Byzance ou Sarras, le nid d'Acre,
Partir pour la croiserie ou le vol des lions

Aujourd'hui, les soldats après des charlaines
Avec le levrier à leurs longues poilaines,
S'allongent aux carreaux de marbre blanc et noir,

Ils jurent sans voir sans penser sans oïr
Et de leurs yeux de pierre ils regardent sans voir
Le royaume d'outre-tombe épaoui.

218

THE plumes of our blood and our
Are shadows on substantial things,
There is no armour against fate
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scab and scab-de
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurel where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They triumph but one another still
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death
The garlands rather on your brow,
Than boast no more your mighty deeds
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds!

Mortality

Your herds must come
To the cold tomb
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust

219

MAN with his burning soul
His but in hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail—
Sail on the sea of death,
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth

220

QUAND vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévisant, et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle '

Lors, vous n'aurez servante oyant cette nouvelle,
Desjà sous le labeur à demy somnailant,
Qui, au bruit de mon nom, ne s'aille reveillant,
Benissent vostre nom de louange immortelle

Je seray sous la terre, et, fantosme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos,
Vous serez au foyer une vieille accroupie,

Regrettant mon amour et vostre fier desdain
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain,
Cueillez des aujourd'huy les roses de la vie

Winter

224

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms,
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart

225

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do bring
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long

226

FALL, leaves, fall, die, flowers away,
Lengthen night and shorten day
Every leaf speaks bliss to me,
Fluttering from the autumn tree

Mortality

I shall smile when wreaths of snow
Blossom where the rose should grow
I shall sing when night's decay
Ushers in the drearier day

227

Balade des
dames du
temps
iadis

DICTES-MOY où, n'en quel pays
Est Flora, la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thaïs,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine,
Écho parlant quant bruyt on maine
Dessus riviere ou sus estan,
Qui beaulté eut trop plus qu'humaine ?—
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan !

Où est la très sage Heloïs,
Pour qui fut chastré, et puis moyne
Pierre Esbaillart à Saint-Denys
(Pour son amour eut cest essoyne) ?
Semblablement, où est la royne
Qui commanda que Buridan
Fut jette en ung sac en Seine ?—
Mus où sont les neiges d'antan !

La royne Blanche comme ung lys,
Qui chantoit à voix de seraine,
Berthe au grand pied Bietus, Allys,
Harembourges, qui tint le Mayne,
Et Jeanne, la bonne Lorraine,
Qu'Anglois bruslèrent à Reuen,
Où sont-ils, Vierge souveraine ?—
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan !

Mortality

Envoi

Prince, n'enquerez, de sepmaine,
Où elles sont, ne de cest an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan !

228

HOW should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers

229

WHY fadest thou in death,
Oh yellow waning tree ?
Gentle is autumn's breath,
And green the oak by thee

But with each wind that sighs
The leaves from thee take wing,
And bare thy branches rise
Above their drifted ring

The Tomb

230

SIT beneath the poplars here, traveller, when thou art
weary, and drawing nigh drink of our spring, and even
far away remember the fountain that Simus sets by the
side of Gillus his dead child

231

THEY die—the dead return not—Misery
Sits near in open grave and calls them over,
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—
They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,
Which he so feebly calls – they all are gone—
Fond wretch, all dead ! Those vacant names alone,
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs—alone remain

Misery my sweetest friend—oh, weep no more !
Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not !
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary,
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs—alone remain

232

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the howes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure

Death

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all

233

Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered ,
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways , like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout night

234

SALISBURY

Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings

CONSTANCE

Thou may'st, thou shalt I will not go with thee
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble , for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up here I and sorrows sit ,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it
(She seats herself on the ground)

Grief

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven
If that be true, I shall see my boy again,
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born
But now will cinker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die, and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

PANDULIH

You hold too heinous a respect of grief

CONSTANCE

He talks to me that never had a son

PHILIP

You are as fond of grief as of your child

CONSTANCE

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit

[*Tearing off her head-dress*]

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows cure!

[*Exit*]

Grief

K. PHILIP

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her

[Exit

LEWIS

There's nothing in this world can make me joy
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness

235

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But timorously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice
Beloved! 'tis not thine, thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair

236

How frequently does his form visit my mind's eye in
slumber and in wakefulness, in the light of day, and in
the night watches, but last night I saw him in his beauty
and his strength, he was about to speak, and my ear was
on the stretch, when at once I awoke, and there was
I alone, and the night storm was howling amidst the
branches of the pines which surround my lonely dwelling
'Listen to the morning of the pine, at whose root thy
hut is fastened,'—a saying that, of wild Finland, in
which there is wisdom, I listened, and thought of life
and death

237

Ah ! he is gone, and yet will not depart !—
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled !
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there he made up-grow by his strong art,
As in that crystal orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
The wondrous 'World of Glass', wherein inisled
All long'd for things their beings did repeat,—
And there he left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete !

238

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

239

YE hasten to the grave ! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?
Oh thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
All that pale Expectation feigneth fair !

Mortality

Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
And all that never yet was known wouldest know—
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press,
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
A refuge in the cavern of gray death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

240

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand

241

SINCE all that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish, why shouldst thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning thought! that livest but in the brain?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,

Phantoms

The fairy people of the future day—
Fond thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on thee with life-unkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers sheltering from a storm
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep track's maze
The voiceless snow-mist weaves a glistening haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread
An image with a glory round its head,
The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues!

242

Thou art slow, my son,
The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute, and for thy subjects thou,
Like us shalt rule the ghosts of murdered life
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—
Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sat themselves on dust and die!—
Strip of their mortal strength, as thou of thine

243

AT dawn of unseen night ghosts of the departed assembling
Flit to the graves where each in body had burial
Ah! then revisiting mind and heart, their desolate tomb,
Troop the desires and loves vainly buried long ago

244

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alceste* from the grave,
 Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint
 Mine is whom wight from spot of child bed taint
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, is yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind
 Her face was sun'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night

245

IF grief for grief can touch thee,
 If answering woe for woe,
 If my ruth can melt thee,
 Come to me now!

I cannot be more lonely,
 More dear I cannot be
 My worn heart throbs so wildly
 'Twill break for thee

And when the world despises,
 When heaven repels my prayer,
 Will not mine angel comfort?
 Mine idol hear?

Bereavement

Yes, by the tears I've poured,
By all my hours of pain,
O I shall surely win thee,
Beloved, again

245

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven
Praise not! 'The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home,
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth,
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth
The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown & morning's smile, ere thou & peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows,
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep
Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee

Remembrance

Which that house & heath & garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance, & repentance, & deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices & the light of one sweet smile

247

THE world is young to-day
I forget the gods are old,
Forget the years of gold
When all the months were May

A little flower of Love
Is ours, without a root,
Without the end of fruit,
Yet—take the scent thereof

There may be hope above,
There may be rest beneath,
We see them not, but Death
Is palpable—and Love

248

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose list steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight,
Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more !

Qui rend justice à la gaieté ? les âmes tristes Celles-ci savent que la gaieté est un élan et une vigueur, que d'ordinaire elle est de la bonté dissimulée et que, fût-elle pure affaire de tempérament et d'humeur, elle est un bienfait

La grandeur de l'homme est grande en ce qu'il se connaît misérable Un arbre ne se connaît pas misérable C'est donc être misérable que de se connaître misérable, mais c'est être grand que de connaître qu'on est misérable Toutes ces misères-là même prouvent sa grandeur Ce sont misères de grand seigneur, misères d'un roi dépossédé

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight !
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night ?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away
 How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not
 As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed,
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear

Melancholy

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay
I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born
I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home

251

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu, and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Tho' seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine,
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might
And be among her cloudy trophies hung

252

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain,
O listen ! for the Vile profound
Is overflowing with the sound
No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the Cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides
Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

253

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath

Melancholy

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fiery lands forlorn

254

[The] silver sand
Broader and broader yet doth gleam
Spreading into ocean's strand,
Over whose white verge the storm
With his wide-swaying loomy arm
Waves his mournful tapestry
Slowly let down from sky to sea

255

CE sont de grandes lignes possibles qui se confondent
tantôt avec le ciel, tantôt avec la terre
Elles n'apportent plus à mon cœur solitaire
cette paix d'autrefois que je croyais profonde

Ainsi va s'en aller le charme des vallées
Ainsi va s'en aller le charme de mon cœur
Qu'aurai-je regretté ? Peut-être la douleur,
peut-être la douleur qui s'en est en allée

Les coups d'un bûcheron sont sourds dans le coteau
L'aulne mâle fleurit Le printemps va venir
Mais, cette fois, mon Dieu, ni rêve ni soupir
ne passent dans le vent sur cette flaque d'eau

256

MY Love lies in the gites of foam,
The last dear wreck of shore
The naked sea-marsh binds her home,
The sand her chamber door

Resignation

The grey gull flaps the written stones,
The ox birds chase the tide
And near that narrow field of bones
Great ships at anchor ride
In place the swallow's eggs are laid
Along the balcony walls,
The tempest does not reach her shade,
The rain her silent halls
Strong and alone, my Dove with thee,
And tho' mine eyes be wet,
There's nothing in the world to me
So dear as my regret.
Sleep and forget all things but one,
Heard in each wave of sea,—
How lonely all the years will run
Until I rest by thee

257

COME be happy!—sit near me,
Shadow-vested Misery!
All the wide world beside us
Shew like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene,
What but mockery can they mean,
Where I am—where thou hast been?

258

Je ne demande pas d'être exempt des douleurs, car
c'est la récompense des saints, mais je demande de n'être
pas abandonné aux douleurs de la nature sans les conso-
lations de votre esprit

Consolation

Je ne demande pas d'avoir une plénitude de consolation sans aucune souffrance , car c'est la vie de la gloire

Je ne demande pas aussi d'être dans une plénitude de maux sans consolation Mais je demande, Seigneur, de ressentir tout ensemble et les douleurs de la nature pour mes péchés, et les consolations de votre esprit par votre grâce

Que je ne sente pas des douleurs sans consolation , mais que je sente des douleurs et de la consolation tout ensemble, pour arriver enfin à ne sentir plus que vos consolations sans aucune douleur

259

THE sun descending in the West,
The evening star doth shine ,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine
 The moon, like a flower
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight
Where Lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright ,
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,

Consolation

And walling round the fold,
Saying Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day

260

I will complain, yet praise,
I will be ail approve
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament and love

261

MANY are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern booke enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,—
Consolatories write
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lament of grief and anxious thought,
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold
God of our fathers, what is Man!
That thou towards him with hand so various—
Or might I say contrarious—
Temper'st thy providence through his short course

Calamity

262

The Virtue of *Prosperity* is Temperance, the Virtue of *Adversity* is Fortitude, which in Morals is the more heroical Virtue

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and *Adversity* is not without comforts and hopes We see in Needle-works and Embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground Judge therefore of the pleasure of the Heart, by the pleasure of the Eye Certainly Virtue is like precious Odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed For *Prosperity* doth best discover Vice, but *Adversity* doth best discover Virtue

263

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his hair,
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade the Nymph 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips

Sorrow

It seem'd no force could wike him from his place,
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not
She was a Goddess of the infant world,
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd high in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore
But oh! how unlike marble was that face
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun,
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up

264

BEFORE thy shrine I kneel, an unknown worshipper,
Chanting strange hymns to thee and sorrowful litanies,
Incense of dirges, prayers that are as holy myrrh

Ah! goddess, on thy throne of tears and faint low sighs,
Weary at last to thee ward come the feet that err,
And empty hearts grown tired of the world's vanities

How fair this cool deep silence to a wanderer
Dear with the roar of winds along the open skies!
Sweet, after sting and bitter kiss of sea-water,

Sorrow

The pale Lethæan wine within thy chalices!—
I come before thee, I, too tired wanderer
To heed the horror of the shrine, the distant cries,
And evil whispers in the gloom, or the swift whirl
Of terrible wings—I, leiser of all thy votaries,
With a faint hope to see the scented darkness stir,
And, parting, frame within its quiet mysteries
One face, with lips than autumn-lilies tenderer,
And voice more sweet than the far plaint of violets,
Or the soft moan of any grey-eyed lute-player

265

To Sorrow
I bade good morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind,
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly,
She is so constant to me, and so kind
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind
Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast

Sorrow

I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid,
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade

266

O, the dark feeling of mysterious dread which comes over the mind, and which the lamp of reason, though burning bright the while, is unable to dispel 'Art thou, as leeches say, the concomitant of disease? Nay, rather the principle of woe itself, the fountain head of all sorrow co-existent with man, whose influence he feels when yet unborn, for woe doth he bring with him into the world, even thyself, dark one, terrible one causeless, unbegotten, without a father Then is it not lawful for man to exclaim, 'Better that I had never been born!' Fool, for thyself thou wast not born, but to fulfil the inscrutable decrees of thy Creator, and how dost thou know that this dark principle is not thy best friend, that it is not that which tempers the whole mass of thy corruption? It may be, for what thou knowest, the mother of wisdom, and of great works it is the dread of the horror of the night that makes the pilgrim hasten on his way When thou feelest it nigh, let thy safety word be 'Onward', if thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed

Sorrow

Courage ! build great works—'tis urging thee—it is ever
nearest the favourites of God—the fool knows little of
it Thou wouldst be joyous, wouldst thou ? then be a fool
What great work was ever the result of joy, the puny
one ? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones,
the conquering ones of this earth ? the joyous ? I believe
(it) not

267

O SAISONS, ô châteaux,
Quelle âme est sans défauts ?

O saisons, ô châteaux,

Pu fait la magique étude
Du bonheur, que nul n'élude

O vive lui, chaque fois
Que chante le coq gaulois

Mais je n'aurai plus d'envie,
Il s'est chargé de ma vie

Cet charme ! il prit âme et corps,
Et dispersa tous efforts

Que comprendre a ma parole ?
Il fut qu'elle fut et vola !

O saisons, ô châteaux

The Irrevocable

270

EARTH, sad earth, thou roamest

Through the day and night,

Wearied with the darkness,

Wearied with the light

Clouds of hanging judgment,

And the cloud that weeps for me,

Swell above the mountain,

Strive above the sea

But, sad earth, thou knowest

All my love for thee,

Therefore thou dost welcome

The cloud that weeps for me

271

THE Dawn is touching the heavens,

The light winds blow,

And over the dewy clover

In shivers of silver go,

And I cry to my soul, and I cry again and again

'Tis the morning of the world

And tired time hath unfurled

Upon himself, my soul !' And I cry in vain

Within the central whorl

Of her mazy shell she lies,

Like a snail that doth recoil

From the touch of enemies,

And my mind blows into her shell, and I cry again

'The long years that had come

Are crept back into the womb,

And Saturn is not fallen !' And I cry in vain

Ask God for gladness Be glad like children, like the birds of heaven And let not the sin of men dismay you in your doings Fear not lest it choke your work and hinder its accomplishment Say not, Sin is powerful, Ungodliness is powerful, bad Conventionalism is powerful, while we are solitary and powerless the world will choke us and will frustrate the good work Away with such despondency, my children If a man cast the blame of his sloth and inefficiency upon others, he will end by sharing the pride of Satan and murmuring against God Now, about the pride of Satan, I think thus it is difficult for us on earth to understand it, and therefore it is easy to be ensnared in it, and to share it, and even to imagine all the while that we are doing something great and wonderful And in the profoundest sensations and impulses of our nature also there is much that we cannot now understand On this earth we truly wander, and are as it were lost, so that were it not for the glorious figure of Christ before us, we should perish utterly Much on earth is hidden from us, but there is given us in recompense the secret conviction of our living bond with another world, a celestial and loftier world and the very roots of our thoughts and sensations are not here but there, in other worlds And that is why the philosophers say that on earth it is impossible to know the essence of things

Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides

Satan

The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks a Globe firr off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Stirless expos'd and ever-threatening storms
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie,
Swe on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
Though distant firr som smill reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yearling Kids
On hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With Sails and Wind thir carie Waggon light
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aërial vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life,
All who have thir reward on Earth the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds,

The Pride of Satan

All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vane,
Till final dissolution, wander here

274

But neither can Reason nor Religion exist or co-exist as Reason and Religion, except as far as they are actuated by the Will

In its state of immanence (or indwelling) in reason and religion, the Will appears indifferently as Wisdom or as Love two names of the same power, the former more intelligential, the latter more spiritual But in its utmost abstraction and consequent state of reprobation, the Will becomes satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others, the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation of sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed

This is the character which Milton has so philosophically as well as sublimely embodied in the Satan of his *Paradise Lost* Alas! too often has it been embodied in real life! Too often has it given a dark and savage grandeur to the historic page! And wherever it has appeared, under whatever circumstances of time and country, it has been identified by the same attributes Hope, in which there is no cheerfulness, steadfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward

The Traitor Angel

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

276

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain ?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before

The Shame of Sin

277

O sorrow of Sinfulness ! the gate
To Pain, kept wide by watchful Hate !
Sloping aloft with cliffy sides
Thro' the burnt air the porchway rides
Demoniac shapes, devices grim,
Trenching the storied panels dim

Alas ! what scalding sand-wind rolls
Me to the sulphury rack of souls
Fierce on, and scarfs my victim eyes
With careless wreaths for sacrifice ?

278

For we know that the Law is spiritual, but I am
carnal, sold under sin For the good that I would
I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do

Now if I do that I would not it is no more I that do
it, but sin that dwelleth in me

I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil
is present with me For I delight in the law of God
after the inward man, but I see another law in my
members, warring against the law of my mind, and
bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in
my members

O wretched man that I am ! Who shall deliver me
from the body of this death ?

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord

279

Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn

Toujours et partou le salut es' une torture, la délivrance es' une mort, l'apaisement est dans l'immolation ,

Il faut reconnaître que chacun de nous porte en soi son bourreau, son démon, son enfer, dans son péché, et que son péché c'est son idole, et que cette idole qui séduit les volontés de son cœur est sa malédiction

Mourir au péché ! ce prodigieux mot du christianisme, demeure bien la plus haute solution theorique de la vie intérieure C'est là seulement qu'est la paix de la conscience, et sans cette paix il n'y a point de paix Vivre en Dieu et faire ses œuvres, voilà la religion, le salut, la vie éternelle

O LORD my God, when sore bested
My evil life I do bewail
What times the life I might have led
Ansing smites me like a flail

When I regard the past of sin,
Till sorrow drown me like despair,
The saint in me that might have been
With that I am when I compare.

Then grant the life that might have been
To be in fact through penitence,
All my past years discharged of sin,
And spent in grace and innocence

And grant that I, when I forecast,
And shrink in fear of coming things,
May take this comfort of the past,
And lay it on my imaginings

282

Things that I longed for in vain and things that
I got—let them pass Let me but truly possess the
things that I ever spurned and overlooked

283

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,
Before a joy propos'd, behind a dream
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell

284

Prisoner, tell me who was it that wrought this un-
breakable chain? It was I, and the prisoner, who forged
this chain very carefully I thought my invincible power
would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom
undisturbed Thus night and day I worked at the chain
with huge fires and cruel hard strokes When at last
the work was done and the links were complete and
unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip

O, that Fire[!] before whose face
Heav'n and earth shall find no place
O, those Eyes[!] whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread Night

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee,
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way
Thy sheep was stray'd, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me!

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul judg'd worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

O, when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
I et 'Come ye blessed' then call me!

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, tho' it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin thro' which I run,
And do run still, tho' I do still deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more

Confession

287

C'est comme a la mort d'un ami, on s'accuse de l'avoir trop peu et trop mal aimé C'est comme à sa propre mort, on sent qu'on a mal employé sa vie

288

ACCEPT the sacrifice of my confessions from the ministry of my tongue, which thou hast formed and aroused to confess unto thy name Let my soul praise thee, that it may love thee, and let it confess unto thee thy mercy, that it may praise thee Thy whole Creation cerseth not nor is silent in thy praise neither the spirit of man with speech directed unto thee, nor things animate nor inanimate by the mouth of them that meditate thereon that so our souls may from their weariness rise toward thee and learning on those things which thou hast made, pass to thyself, who madest all wonderfully, and in whom is refreshment and true strength

289

Consider too that thou thyself often sinnest, and however thou differ from others, thou art yet of the same stuff as they

And if may be thou refrain from certain sins, yet thou hast at least the disposition to commit them,

Even though thro' cowardice or concern for thy reputation or for some such mean motive thou may'st refrain

Milton is
advocating
the liberty
of the press

They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagin to remove sin by removing the matter of sin, for besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universil thing as books are, and when this is done yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercis'd in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so, such great care and wisdom is requir'd to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expell sin by this means, look how much we thus expell of sin, so much we expell of vertue for the matter of them both is the same, remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though he command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us ev'n to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety

Quand je me confesse à moy religieusement, je trouve que la meilleure bonté que j'aye, & quelque teinture vicieuse. Et crains que Platon en sa plus nette vertu (moy qui en suis autant sincere & loyâl estimateur, & des vertus de semblable marque, qu'autre puisse estre), s'il y eust escouté de près (& il y escoutoit de près) il y eust

Original Sin

fenty quelque ton gauche, de mixtion humaine mais ton
obscur, & sensible seulement à soy L'homme en tout &
par tout, n'est que rappiessement & bigarrure

292

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is
a Fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who
has set his heart much upon the world, though he have
never so much understanding, so that Solitude can be
well fitted and set right, but upon a very few persons
They must have enough knowledge of the World to see
the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity,
if the Mind be possess'd with any Lust or Passion, a man
had better be in a Fur, than in a Wood alone They
may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our
pockets, in the midst of company, but like Robbers, they
use to strip and bind or murder us, when they catch us
alone This is but to retreat from Men, and to fall into
the hands of Devils It is like the punishment of Parric-
ides among the *Romans*, to be sew'd into a Bag, with
an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent

293

O Rose, thou art sick !
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy

294

Malgré tous les efforts d'un siècle philosophique, les empires les plus civilisés seront toujours aussi pres de la barbarie que le fer le plus poli l'est de la rouille

295

Chacun recommence le monde, et pas une faute du premier homme n'a été évitée par son millième successeur. L'expérience collective s'accumule, mais l'expérience individuelle s'éteint avec l'individu. Conséquence les institutions deviennent plus sages et la science anonyme s'accroît, mais l'adolescent, quoique plus cultivé, est tout aussi présomptueux et non moins faillible aujourd'hui qu'autrefois. Ainsi absolument il y a progrès et relativement il n'y en a pas. Les circonstances s'améliorent, le mérite ne grandit pas. Tout est mieux peut-être, mais l'homme n'est pas positivement meilleur, il n'est qu'autre. Ses défauts et ses vertus changent de forme, mais le bilan total n'établit pas un enrichissement. Mille choses avancent, neuf cent quatre-vingt-dix-huit reculent. c'est là le progrès. Il n'y a pas là de quoi rendre fier, mais bien de quoi consoler.

296

And not only are the spiritual vices voluntary, but in some cases also those of the body, and these we censure, for we see it is not natural difformities that anyone blames, but those that come of sloth and neglect, and it is the same in case of weakness or maiming, for no one would be disposed to reproach a man who was blind from

Responsibility

birth or through disease or wounding, but rather to pity him, while every one would censure him if [his blindness were] due to drunkenness or other profligacy. Thus bodily vices which depend on ourselves are censured, but not those which are out of our power and if this be so, then in other fields also, the vices which we blame should be in our own power.

But suppose it be objected that all men aim at the apparent good, but cannot control their imagined perception of it, since, such as each is, of the same sort will goodness appear to him—I answer, if each man be in some way responsible for his habit, he must then be in some way responsible also for this imagination.

But if not, then neither is he ever responsible for his ill doings [which is untenable], but he does wrong through ignorance of the true good, thinking in this way to attain to it but the end at which he aims is not self-chosen, it is indispensable that he should be born with a gift, as it were, of sight, whereby to judge rightly and choose the good accordant to truth, and a man will be truly well-born who is born with this gift in perfection, for it is the greatest and fairest, and impossible to be learned or acquired from others, but such as it was born in him, such will he keep it, and the possession of it in full excellence would be the birthright of perfect and true nobility.

WORLD

But if thou wilt,

What thou art I will show to thee

My thought

Moved in its brooding, and its movement stirred

The Rational Soul

Reflecting on all this think nothing great, save only
to act as thy nature leadeth, and to suffer what the com-
mon nature bringeth

299

THESE are the properties of the rational soul —
It seeth itself it analyseth itself, and maketh itself such
as it will, and all things that happen unto it to appear
such as it will the fruit which it beareth it enjoyeth in
itself and it attaineth its own end wheresoever the limit
of life may be fixed

300

Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fast in us unused

301

. Now concerning the moral virtues we have spoken
generally and have shown in outline of what kind they Aristot.
Eth III
are, that they are mid-states [between evil extremes] and 5 21 *
that they are habits, also whence they spring, that they
are effects of their own proper actions, that they are in
our own power, and voluntary, and such as right Reason
would prescribe

But what makes men good is held by some to be X 9 6
nature, by others habit (or training), by others instruc-

Intellect

what you will—which seems naturally to rule and take the lead, and to apprehend things noble and divine—whether it be itself divine, or only the divinest part of us—is the faculty the exercise of which, in its proper excellence, will be perfect happiness

That this consists in [intellectual] speculation or contemplation we have already said

But a life which realized this idea would be something more than human, for it would not be the expression of man's nature, but of some divine element in that nature—the exercise of which is as far superior to the exercise of the other kind of virtue (*i.e.* practical or moral virtue), as this divine element is superior to our compound human nature

If then reason [intellect] be divine as compared with man, the life which consists in the exercise of this faculty will also be divine in comparison with human life. Nevertheless, instead of listening to those who advise us as men and mortals not to lift our thoughts above what is human and mortal, we ought rather, as far as possible, to put off our mortality, and make every effort to live in the exercise of the highest of our faculties, for though it be but a small part of us, yet in power and value it far surpasses all the rest

The life that consists in the exercise of the other [practical] kind of virtue is happy in a secondary sense, for the manifestations of moral virtue are emphatically human. Justice (I mean) and Courage and the other moral virtues are displayed in our dealings with one another by the observance in every case of what is due in contracts and services, and all sorts of outward acts,

Conduct

is well as in our inward feelings And all these seem to be emphatically human affairs and being bound up with the passions must belong to our compound nature, and the virtues of the compound nature are emphatically human Therefore the life which manifests them, and the happiness which consists in this, must be emphatically human

VI 13 5* (But it must be remembered that this life of moral virtue) is also not only in accordance with right Reason but implies the possession of right Reason

x 9 1 [Surely too] in practical matters the end is not mere speculative knowledge of what is to be done, but rather the doing of it It is not enough to know about Virtue, then, but we must endeavour to possess it, and to use it, or to take any other steps that may make us good

Now if theories had power of themselves to make us good 'Many and great rewards would they deserve' as Theognis says, and such ought we to give, but in fact it seems that though they are potent to guide and to stimulate liberal-minded young men, and though a generous disposition, with a sincere love of what is noble, may by them be opened to the influence of virtue, yet they are powerless to turn the mass of men to goodness For the generality of men are naturally apt to be swayed by fear rather than by reverence, and to refrain from evil rather because of the punishment that it brings, than because of its own foulness For under the guidance of their passions they pursue the pleasures that suit their nature, and the means by which those pleasures may be obtained, and avoid the opposite pains, while of that

Indolence

which is noble and truly pleasant they have no conception,
as they have never tasted it

But the test of truth in matters of practice is to be X 8 12
found in the facts of life, for it is in them that the supreme
authority resides. The theories which we have advanced
should therefore be tested by comparison with the facts
of life, and if they agree with the facts, they should be
accepted, but if they disagree they should be accounted
mere theories

302

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore,
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child and wife and slave, but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam
Then someone said, 'We will return no more',
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave, we will no longer roam'

CHORIC SONG

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass,
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

Restlessness

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual morn
Still from one sorrow to another thrown
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ,
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm !'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea
Death is the end of life , ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone Time driveth onward fast.
And in a little while our lips are dumb
Let us alone What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past
Let us alone What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence , ripen, fall and cease
Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease

Light-trooping o'er the distant lea
A band I saw, where Revelry
Seem'd on her baccant foot to be,
And heard the dry tambour afar
Before her Corybantic car
Booming the rout to winy war

Uproar sweet! 'tis when he crost,
Omnipotent Bacchus, with his host,
To farthest Ind, and for his van
Satyrs and other sons of Pan,
With swoln eye-burying cheeks of tan,
Who troll'd him round, which way he ran
His spotted yoke thro' Hindustan,
And with most victorious scorn
The mild foes of wine to warn,
Blew his dithyrambic horn!
That each river to his source
Trembled and sink beneath his course,
Where, 'tis said of many, they
Mourn undiscover'd till this day

A MAN'S inability to moderate and control his passions I call servitude The common vulgar opinion seems to be quite otherwise For most people seem to believe that they are free just in so far as they may obey their lusts, and that they renounce their rights in so far as they are constrained to live according to the precepts of divine law Wherefore they believe that Piety and Religion [that is to live according to Reason and the

Moral Slavery

knowledge of God] and whatever else regards fortitude of mind, are burdens which they hope to get rid of at death, when they will receive the reward of their servitude, that is of their piety and religion. And it is not only by this hope, but also and principally by the fear of terrible punishments after death, that they are induced to live by the precepts of divine law as far as their meagre and impotent spirit will carry them. And had they not this hope and fear, but believed rather that the mind perished with the body and would not survive it when they die miserably worn out by the burden of their piety, they would surely return to their inborn disposition and wish to govern all things by their lusts, submitting everything to the government of fortune rather than to themselves. All this appears to me no less absurd than that a man, because he did not believe that he could keep his body alive for ever by wholesome diet, should stuff himself with poisons and deadly food or, deeming his mind not to be eternal and immortal, should therefore wish to be mad, and live without reason.

305

He therefore who hath always been occupied with the cravings of desire and ambition, and who busieth himself wholly therewith, will of necessity have got all his notions mortal, and as far as possible he will become altogether mortal, nor will he fall short of this in any way, since he hath fostered his mortal part.

But he who hath earnestly striven after learning and true wisdom, and hath been fully trained and exercised therein, he, if he lay hold on truth, must one would think

The free Spirit

of necessity acquire an immortal and heavenly temper, nay—so far I say again as human nature is capable of it—he will in no wise fall short of immortality and since he is ever serving the divine, and hath the genius which dwelleth in him ordered aright, he must needs be blessed exceedingly

306

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of publick fame or private breath

307

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee

308

I, loving freedom and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust.

Stoicism

Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ,
I feel the weight of chance desires
My hopes no more must chinge their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same

309

O qu'heureux sont ceux qui avec une liberté entière
et une pente invincible de leur volonté aiment parfaitement
et librement ce qu'ils sont obligés d'aimer nécessairement !

310

Ma troisième maxime (est de tâcher toujours plutôt
à me vaincre que la fortune, et à changer mes desirs que
l'ordre du monde, et généralement de m'accoutumer à croire
qu'il n'y a rien qui soit entièrement en notre pouvoir que
nos pensées, en sorte qu'après que nous avons fait notre
mieux touchant les choses qui nous sont extérieures, tout
ce qui manque de nous réussir est au regard de nous
absolument impossible

Et ceci seul me semblait être suffisant pour m'empêcher
de rien désirer à l'avenir que je n'acquiesse, et ainsi pour
me rendre content car, notre volonté ne se portant
naturellement à désirer que les choses que notre entende-
ment lui représente en quelque façon comme possibles, il
est certain que si nous considérons tous les biens qui
sont hors de nous comme également éloignés de notre
pouvoir, nous n'aurons pas plus de regret de manquer de
ceux qui semblent être dus à notre naissance, lorsque
nous en serons privés sans en le faire, que nous avons de

Stoicism

ne posséder pas les royaumes de la Chine ou de Mexique, et que, faisant, comme on dit, de nécessité vertu, nous ne désirerons pas davantage d'être sains étant malades, ou d'être libres étant en prison, que nous faisons maintenant d'avoir des corps d'une matière aussi peu corruptible que les diamants, ou des ailes pour voler comme les oiseaux.

Mais j'avoue qu'il est besoin d'un long exercice et d'une méditation souvent répétée pour s'accoutumer à regarder de ce biais toutes les choses et je crois que c'est principalement en ceci que consistait le secret de ces philosophes qui ont pu autrefois se soustraire de l'empire de la fortune, et, malgré les douleurs et la pauvreté, disputer de la félicité avec leurs dieux. Car s'occupant sans cesse à considérer les bornes qui leur étaient prescrites par la nature, ils se persuadaient si parfaitement que rien n'était en leur pouvoir que leurs pensées, que cela seul était suffisant pour les empêcher d'avoir aucune affection pour d'autres choses, et ils disposaient d'elles si absolument, qu'ils avient en cela quelque raison de s'estimer plus riches et plus puissants, et plus libres et plus heureux qu'aucun des autres hommes, qui, n'ayant point cette philosophie, tant favorisés de la nature et de la fortune qu'ils puissent être, ne disposent jamais ainsi de tout ce qu'ils veulent.

11

I think thee, Lord Amphinomus, and since
I see thee like thy father, wise and good,
Old Nisus of Dulichium, I will say
What thrice thou hast refused to hear Attend
Of all that moves and breathes upon the earth

Vicissitude

Nothing is found more unstable than man
Awhile his spirit within him is gay, his limbs
Light, and he saith, No ill shall overtake me
Then evil comes and lo¹ he beareth it
Patiently, in its turn as God provides
So I too once looked to be ever happy
And gave the rein to wantonness, and now—
Thou seest me

312

Quand on se porte bien, on admire comment on pourrait faire si on était malade, quand on l'est on prend médecine guement le mal y résout On n'a plus les passions et les désirs de divertissements et de promenades, que la santé donnait et qui sont incompatibles avec les nécessités de la maladie La nature donne alors des passions et des désirs conformes à l'état présent. Il n'y a que les craintes que nous nous donnons nous mêmes et non pas la nature, qui nous troublent, parce qu'elles joignent à l'état où nous sommes les passions de l'état où nous ne sommes pas

313

Mon humeur ne dépend guère du temps J'ai mes brouillards et mon beau temps au dedans de moi, le bien et le mal de mes affaires mêmes y font peu Je m'efforce quelquefois de moi-même contre la fortune, la gloire de la dompter me la fait dompter gaiement, au lieu que je fais quelquefois le dégoûté dans la bonne fortune

314

Je sais que pas un de mes désirs ne sera réalisé,
et il y a longtemps que je ne désire plus J'accepte seule-
ment ce qui vient à moi, comme la visite d'un oiseau sur
ma fenêtre Je lui souris, mais je sais bien que le visiteur
a des ailes et ne restera pas longtemps Le renoncement
par désespérance a une douceur mélancolique

315

HE who bends to himself a joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise

316

Nous sommes si malheureux, que nous ne pouvons
prendre plaisir à une chose qu'à condition de nous fâcher
si elle réussit mal ce que mille choses peuvent faire et
font à toute heure Qui aurait trouvé le secret de se
réjouir du bien sans se fâcher du mal contraire aurait
trouvé le point C'est le mouvement perpétuel

317

More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn

Philosophy

Purples the East still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find though few
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodus*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice, nor could the Muse defend
Her Son So fail not thou, who thee implores
For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame

18

Beatitudo non est virtutis praemium, sed ipsa virtus

19

C'EST à la vérité une tres-utile et grande partie que la science ceux qui la mesprisent tesmoignent assez leur bestise mais je n'estime pas pourtant sa valeur jusques à cette mesure extreme qu'aucuns luy attribuent, comme Herillus le Philosophe, qui logeoit en elle le souverain bien, et tenoit qu'il fust en elle de nous rendre sages & contents, ce que je ne croy pas ny ce que d'autres ont dict, que la science est mere de toute vertu, et que tout vice est produit par l'ignorance Si cela est vray, il est subject a une longue interpretation Ma maison a esté dès longtemps ouverte aux gens de scavoir, & en est fort cogneue, car mon Pere qui l'a commandée cinquante ans & plus, eschauffé de cette ardeur nouvelle, dequoy le Roy François premier embrassa les Lettres & les mit en credit, rechercha avec grand soïn & despenfe l'acointance des hommes doctes, les recevant chez luy, comme personnes

ſainctes, & ayants quelque particuliere inſpiration de ſageſſe divine, recueillant leurs ſentences, et leurs diſcours comme des oracles, & avec d'autant plus de reverence, & de religion, qu'il avoit moins de loy d'en juger car il n'avoit aucune cognoiſſance des Lettres, non plus que ſes predeceſſeurs Moy je les ayme bien, mais je ne les adore pas

Le philoſophe rit, parce qu'il n'eſt dupe de rien, et que l'illusion des autres persiste Il eſt pareil au malin ſpectateur d'un bal qui aurait droitement enlevé aux violons toutes leurs cordes et qui verrait néanmoins ſe démener muſiciens et danſeurs, comme s'il y avoit muſique L'expérience le réjouirait en démontrant que l'univerſelle danſe de Saint-Guy eſt pourtant une aberration du ſens intérieur, et qu'un ſage a raiſon contre l'univerſelle crédulité Ne ſuffit-il pas déjà de ſe boucher les oreilles dans une ſalle de danſe, pour ſe croire dans une maiſon de fous ?

Pour celui qui a détruit en lui-même l'idée religieuſe, l'ensemble des cultes ſur la terre doit produire un effet tout ſemblable Mais il eſt dangereux de ſe mettre hors la loi du genre humain et de prétendre avoir raiſon contre tout le monde

Rarement les riens ſe dévouent Pourquoi le ſervent-ils ? Le dévouement eſt ſérieux et c'eſt ſortir de ſon rôle que de ceſſer de rire Pour ſe dévouer, il faut aimer, pour aimer, il faut croire à la réalité de ce qu'on aime, il faut ſavoir ſouffrir, ſ'oublier, ſe donner, en un mot devenir ſérieux Le rire éternel c'eſt l'isolement

Philosophies

absolu, c'est la proclamation de l'égoïsme parfait Pour
faire du bien aux hommes, il faut les plaindre et non les
mépriser, et dire d'eux, non pas les imbéciles¹ mais
les malheureux¹ Le sceptique pessimiste et nihiliste
paraît moins glacial que l'athée goguenard Or que dit
le sombre Ahasvérus²

Vous qui manquez de charité,
Tremblez à mon supplice étrange
Ce n'est point sa divinité,
C'est l'humanité que Dieu venge¹

Mieux vaut se perdre que de se sauver tout seul

321

Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wondrous mazes lost
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pun for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel

322

Stoicism was a system put together hastily, violently
to meet a desperate emergency Some ring-wall must
be built against chaos High over the place where Zeno

Philosophies

talked could be descried the wall, built generations before, under the terror of a Persian attack, built in haste of the materials which lay to hand, the drums of columns fitted together, just as they were, with the more regular stones That heroic wall still looks over the roofs of modern Athens To Zeno it might have been a parable of his own teaching

323

Le vice radical de la philosophie, c'est de ne pouvoir parler au cœur Or, l'esprit est le côté partiel de l'homme, le cœur est tout Aussi la religion, même la plus mal conçue, est-elle infiniment plus favorable à l'ordre politique, et plus conforme à la nature humaine en général, que la philosophie, parce qu'elle ne dit pas à l'homme d'aimer Dieu *de tout son esprit*, mais *de tout son cœur* elle nous prend par ce côté *sensible et vaste* qui est à peu près le même dans tous les individus, et non par le côté *raisonneur, inégal et borné*, qu'on appelle *esprit*

324

Que l'histoire vous rappelle que partout où il y a mélange de religion et de barbarie, c'est toujours la religion qui triomphe, mais que partout où il y a mélange de barbarie et de philosophie, c'est la barbarie qui l'emporte En un mot, la philosophie divise les hommes par les opinions, la religion les unit dans les mêmes principes, il y a donc un contrat éternel entre la politique et la religion *Tout État, si j'ose le dire, est un vaisseau mystérieux qui a ses ancres dans le Ciel*

325

Dans la physique, ils n'ont trouvé que des objections contre l'Auteur de la nature, dans la métaphysique, que doute et subtilités, la morale et la logique ne leur ont fourni que des declamations contre l'ordre politique, contre les idées religieuses et contre les lois de la propriété, ils n'ont pas aspiré à moins qu'à la reconstruction du tout, par la révolte contre tout, et, sans songer qu'ils étaient eux-mêmes dans le monde, ils ont renversé les colonnes du monde

326

It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalised, and only please and weaken Truth is of a rougher strain In the harsh face of life faith can read a bracing gospel

327

But the greatest error is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for lucre and profession, and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men As if there were

The nets of Wrong & Right

sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit or sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate

328

OUT-WORN Heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right,
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of morn

329

We thought of that inquisitive spirit of self-criticism,
who had made his entry even into our inner chamber

We thought of him, with his eyes of ice and long
bent fingers, he, who sits within in the darkest corner
of the soul and tears our being to pieces, as old women
shred up bits of silk and wool

Bit by bit the long, hard, bent fingers had torn away,
until our whole self lay there like a heap of rags, and our
best feelings, our deepest thoughts, all that we had done
and said, had been searched, explored, taken to pieces,
gazed at by the icy eyes, and the toothless mouth had
sneered and whispered—'Behold, it is rags, only rags'

330

L'éternel effort est le caractère de la morale
moderne Ce devenir douloureux a remplacé l'harmonie,

Negation of Good

l'équilibre, la joie, c'est-à-dire l'être L'idéal n'est
plus la beauté sereine de l'ame, c'est l'angoisse de Lao-
coon se débattant contre l'hydre du mal Le sort en
est jeté Il n'y a plus d'hommes accomplis et heureux, il
n'y a plus que des candidats du ciel, galeriens sur la terre

Nous ramons notre vie en attendant le port

Molière a dit que le raisonnement bannissait la raison
Il est possible aussi que le perfectionnement dont nous
sommes si fiers ne soit qu'une imperfection prétentieuse
Le devoir semble encore plus négatif que positif, il est
le mal s'amoindrissant, mais il n'est pas le bien, il est le
mécontentement généreux, mais non le bonheur, il est
la poursuite incessante d'un but inaccessible, une noble
folie, mais non pas la raison, il est la nostalgie de
l'irréalisable, maladie touchante qui n'est pourtant pas la
sagesse

331

IF, dead, we cease to be, if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash
O Man, thou vessel purposeless, unmeant !
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights !—Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create
And to repay each other ! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold

Fear of Death

These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none,
Thy being's being is contradiction

332

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread

333

MEN fear Death as Children fear to go in the dark, And as that natural fear in Children is increased with Tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of Death is the Wages of Sin, and passage to another World, is Holy and Religious, but the fear of it, is a tribute due unto Nature, is weak. Yet in Religious Meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and superstition

The Stoics bestowed too much cost upon Death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. It is as natural to die as to be born

334

A freeman thinks of nothing less than of death
His wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life

Joys of Life

335

WHAT path of life may one hold? In the market-place are riches and hard dealings, in the house cares, in the country labour enough, and at sea terror, and abroad, if thou hast aught, fear, and if thou art in poverty, vexation. Art married? thou wilt not be without anxieties, unmarried? thy life is yet lonelier. Children are troubles, a childless life is a crippled one. Youth is foolish, and grey hairs again feeble. In the end then the choice is of one of these two, either never to be born, or, as soon as born, to die.

336

HOLD every path of life. In the market-place are honours and prudent dealings, in the house rest, in the country the charm of nature, and at sea gain, and abroad, if thou hast aught, glory, and if thou art in poverty, thou alone knowest it. Art married? so will thine household be best, unmarried? thy life is yet lighter. Children are darlings, a childless life is an unanxious one. Youth is strong, and grey hairs again reverend. The choice is not then of one of the two, either never to be born or to die, for all things are good in life.

337

Go then and eat thy bread in gladness, and drink with joy thy wine, for thy works please God. All times be thy clothes white, and oil from thy herd fail not. Perfectly use life with the wife that thou lovest, all the days of the life of thine unsteadfastness that been given to thee under sun, in all the time of thy vanity,

Magnanimity

for this is thy part in life, and in thy travail that thou travailest under sun

338

Can it be doubted but that there are some who take more pleasure in enjoying pleasures than some other, and yet nevertheless are less troubled with the loss or leaving of them ? And it seemeth to me that most of the doctrines of the philosophers are more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things requireth So have they increased the fear of death in offering to cure it For when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy, against whom there is no end of preparing So have they sought to make men's minds too uniform and harmonical, by not breaking them sufficiently to contrary motions the reason whereof I suppose to be, because they themselves were men dedicated to a private, free, and unapplied course of life Men ought so to procure serenity as they destroy not magnanimity

339

CYRIACK, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of British *Themis*, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes,
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*

Humanities

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

340

THE study of the Classics teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion and raises us above that low and servile fear, which bows only to present power and upstart authority. We feel the presence of that power which gives immortality to human thoughts and actions, and catch the flame of enthusiasm from all nations and ages.

It is hard to find in minds otherwise formed, either a real love of excellence, or a belief that any excellence exists superior to their own. Everything is brought down to the vulgar level of their own ideas and pursuits. Persons without education certainly do not want either acuteness or strength of mind in what concerns themselves or in things immediately within their observation, but they have no power of abstraction, no general standard of taste, or scale of opinion. They see their objects always near, and never in the horizon. Hence arises that egotism which has been remarked as the characteristic of self-taught men, and which degenerates into obstinate prejudice or petulant fickleness of opinion, according to the natural sluggishness or activity of their minds. For they either become blindly bigoted to the

Humanities

first opinions they have struck out for themselves, and inaccessible to conviction, or else (the dupes of their own vanity and shrewdness) are everlasting converts to every crude suggestion that presents itself, and the last opinion is always the true one. Each successive discovery flashes upon them with equal light and evidence, and every new fact overturns their whole system. It is among this class of persons, whose ideas never extend beyond the feeling of the moment, that we find partizans, who are very honest men, with a total want of principle, and who unite the most hardened effrontery and intolerance of opinion, to endless inconsistency and self-contradiction.

341

LAWRENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are drinke, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard Season gaining time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth, and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun
What neat repast shall feist us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuslan Ayre* ?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise

Book IV



142

OFT by the marsh's quaggy edge
I heard the wind-swept rushes fall,
Where through an overgrowth of sedge
Rolled the slow mere funereal
I heard the music of the leaves
Unto the night-wind's fingering,
I saw the dropping forest-eaves
Make in the mere their water-ring

But day by day about the marge
Of this slow-brooding dreaminess,
The shadow of the past lay large,
And brooded low and lustrous,
Then vanished as I looked on it,
Yet back returned with wider sweep,
And broad upon my soul would sit,
Like a storm-cloud above the deep

'I see (I cried) the waste of waves,
That shifts from out the western tracts,
I see the sun that ever lives
With liquid gold their catracts,
And night by night I see the moon
Career and thwart the waves of cloud,
I see great nature burgeon
Through all her seasons, laughter-browed

Lovingkindness

But what are these things unto me?
They lack not me, they are full-planned.
I must have love in my degree,
A human heart, a human hand
For oh! 'tis better far to share
Tho' life all dark, all bitter be,
With human bosoms human care'—
I launched my boat upon the sea

343

TO find the Western path,
Right through the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way,
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan
I see the break of day

The war of swords and spears
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high,
The Sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky

344

FURY

In each human heart terror survives
The raven it has gorged the loftiest fear
All that they would disdain to think were true
Hypocrisy and custom make their minds
The fanes of many a worship, now outworn
They dare not devise good for man's estate,

Lovingkindness

And yet they know not that they do not dare
The good want power, but to weep barren tears
The powerful goodness want worse need for them
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom,
And all best things are thus confused to ill
Many are strong and rich, and would be just,
But live among their suffering fellow-men
As if none felt they know not what they do

PROMETHEUS

Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes,
And yet I pity those they torture not

345

And surely it is not a vain dream that man shall come to find his joys only in acts of enlightenment and of mercy, and not in cruel pleasures, as he doth now, in gluttony, lust, pride, boasting and envious selfexaltation. I hold firmly that this is no dream but that the time is at hand. I believe that through Christ we shall accomplish this great work and all men will say 'The stone which the builders rejected is become the chief stone of the corner.' And of the mockers themselves we may ask, If this faith of ours be a dream, then how long is it to wait ere ye shall have finished your edifice, and have ordered everything justly by the intellect alone without Christ? In truth they have a greater faculty for dreaming than we have. They think to order all wisely, but, having rejected Christ, they will end by drenching the world with blood. For blood crieth again for blood, and they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

Lovingkindness

346

LITTLE lamb, Who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By t^he stream and o'er the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little lamb, Who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee
Little lamb, I'll tell thee
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee!

347

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is in unerring light,
And joy its own security

348

My neighbour, or my servant, or my child, has
done me an injury, and it is just that he should suffer

Lovingkindness

an injury in return Such is the doctrine which Jesus Christ summoned his whole resources of persuasion to oppose ‘Love your enemy, bless those that curse you’ such, he says, is the practice of God, and such must ye imitate if ye would be the children of God

349

A PITY beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love
The folk who are buying and selling,
The clouds on their journey above,
The cold wet winds ever blowing,
And the shadowy hazel-grove
Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,
Threaten the head that I love

350

Like as it is with the several members of an organised body, so is it with rational beings who exist separate, the same principle rules, for they also are constituted for a single co-operation And the perception of this will more strongly strike thy mind, if thou say often to thyself, ‘I am a member (melos) of the system of rational beings’ But if thou say, ‘I am a part (meros)’, though thou change but one letter of the Greek, thou dost not yet love men from thy heart Loving-kindness doth not yet delight thee for its own sake thou still doest it barely as a thing of propriety, and not yet as doing good to thyself

351

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea,
Familiar acts are beautiful through love,
Labour and pain, and grief, in life's green grove
Sportlike tame beasts, none knew how gentle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights,
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,
Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway

All things confess his strength Through the cold mass
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass,
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their
children wear,

Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shape-
less were

352

Quand on veut respecter les hommes, il faut oublier
ce qu'ils sont et penser à l'idéal qu'ils portent caché en
eux, à l'homme juste et noble, intelligent et bon, inspiré
et créateur, loyal et vrai, fidele et sûr, à l'exemplaire
divin que nous appelons une âme

353

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun

Love of Creatures

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done

354

Love will teach us all things but we must learn how to win love, it is got with difficulty it is a possession dearly bought with much labour and in long time, for one must love not sometimes only, for a passing moment, but always There is no man who doth not sometimes love even the wicked can do that

And let not men's sin dishearten thee love a man even in his sin, for that love is a likeness of the divine love, and is the summit of love on earth Love all God's creation, both the whole and every grain of sand Love every leaf, every ray of light Love the animals, love the plants, love each separate thing If thou love each thing thou wilt perceive the mystery of God in all, and when once thou perceive this, thou wilt thenceforward grow every day to a fuller understanding of it until thou come at last to love the whole world with a love that will then be all-embracing and universal

355

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware

‘High Prophetess,’ said I, ‘purge off,
Benign, if so it please thee, my mind’s film’

‘None can usurp this height.’ return’d that shade
‘But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.
All else who find a haven in the world,
Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
If by a chance into this fane they come,
Rot on the pavement where thou rottedst half’

‘Are there not thousands in the world,’ said I
Encouraged by the sooth voice of the shade,
‘Who love their fellows even to the death,
Who feel the giant agony of the world,
And more like slaves to poor humanity,
Labour for mortal good’ I sure should see
Other men here, but I am here alone’

‘Those whom thou spakest of are no visionaries,’
Rejoin’d that voice, ‘they are no dreamers weak,
They seek no wonder but the human face,
No music but a happy-noted voice
They come no here, they have no thought to come,
And thou art here, for thou art less than they
What benefit canst thou do, or all thy tribe
To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing,
A fever of thyself think of the earth,
What bliss, even in hope, is there for thee?
What haven? every creature hath its home,
Every soul man hath days of joy and pain,
Whether his labours be sublime or low—

Self-sacrifice

The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct
Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve'

357

If the wrong-doing of men fill thee with indignation and irresistible pain, so that thou desire even to take vengeance on the wrong-doers, then above all things resist that feeling. Go at once and seek suffering for thyself, as though thou thyself wert guilty of the wrong-doing. Accept that suffering, and endure it to the end, and so shall thine heart be comforted, and thou wilt understand how thou thyself art also guilty. For unto those evil-doers thou mightest have let shine thy light, even like the one sinless man, and thou didst not. If thy light had shone forth, it would have made clear the path for others, and the man who sinned would perchance have been saved by thy light. Or if it be that thou didst show thy light, and yet see'st not that any are saved thereby, nevertheless stand thou firm, and doubt not the virtue of the heavenly light. Believe that if they have not been saved now, they will be saved hereafter. And if they should never be saved, then their sons will be saved, for thy light will not die even when thou art dead. The just man passeth away, but his light remaineth. And it is after the saviour's death that men are mostly saved. Mankind will reject and kill their prophets, but men love their martyrs and honour those whom they have done to death. Thou, moreover, art working for the whole, and for the future thou labour-est. And look not for any outward reward, since without that, thy reward on earth is already great. Thine is

True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pay hath engender'd,
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be minister'd

360

I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,
But O, he lives in the moony light !
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the comforter of night

Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
In the naked and outcast—seek Love there

361

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,
And show the heavens more just

362

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods,
But now the sun is rising calm and bright,
The birds are singing in the distant woods,
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods,
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters,
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters

The Leechgatherer

All things that love the sun are out of doors ,
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ,
The grass is bright with run-drops ,—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth ,
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist , that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run

I was a Traveller then upon the moor ,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ,
I heard the woods and distant waters roar ,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy
The pleasant season did my heart employ
My old remembrances went from me wholly ,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low ,
To me that morning did it happen so ,
And fears and fancies thick upon me came ,
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name

I heard the sky lark warbling in the sky ,
And I bethought me of the playful hare
Even such a happy Child of earth am I ,
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ,
Far from the world I walk, and from all care ,
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood ,
As if all needful things would come unsought

The Leechgatherer

To genial faith, still rich in genial good,
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side
By our own spirits are we deified
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, & something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself,

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep - in his extreme old age
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

The Leechgatherer

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor
Employment hazardous and wearisome¹
And he had many hardships to endure
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
Housing, with God's good help by choice or chance,
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance

The old Man still stood talking by my side,
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide,
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream,
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment

My former thoughts returned the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed,
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,
And mighty Poets in their misery dead

the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renew'd

Meg Merrilies

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main, and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

363

OLD MEG she was a gipsy,
And liv'd upon the moors
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom,
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a church-yard tomb

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees,
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing
And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited mats of rushes,

Labourers

And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon ,
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip-hat had she on
God rest her aged bones somewhere !
She died full long agoe !

364

LE semoir, la charrue, un joug des socs luisants,
La herse, l'aiguillon et la faux acérée
Qui fauchait en un jour les épis d'une airée,
Et la fourche qui tend la gerbe aux paysans ,
Ces outils familiers, aujourd'hui trop pesants,
Le vieux Parmis les voue a l'immortelle Rhée
Par qui le germe éclôt sous la terre sacrée
Pour lui, sa tâche est faite il a quatre-vingts ans
Pres d'un siècle, au soleil, sans en être plus riche,
Il a poussé le coute au travers de la friche ,
Ayant vécu sans joie, il vieillit sans remords
Mais il est las d'avoir tant peiné sur la glèbe
Et songe que peut-être il faudra, chez les morts,
Labourer des champs d'ombre arrosés par l'Erèbe

365

A QUATRE heures du matin l'été
le sommeil d'amour dure encore
sous les bosquets l'aube évapore
l'odeur du soir fêté

Labourers

Or la-bas dans l'immense chantier
vers le soleil des Hespérides
en bras de chemise les charpentiers
déjà s'agitent

Dans leur désert de mousse tranquilles
ils préparent les lambris précieux
où la richesse de la ville
rira sous de faux cieux

Ah ! pour ces ouvriers charmants
sujets d'un roi de Babylone
Vénus ! laisse un peu les amants
dont l'âme est en couronne

O Reine des Bergers
porte aux travailleurs l'eau de vie
pour que leurs forces soient en paix
en attendant le bain dans la mer à midi

366

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead
Nor did he chinge, but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred

367

Les vrais heureux sont bons, comme les bons, visités
par l'épreuve, deviennent meilleurs Ceux qui n'ont pas

Pupil & Teacher

souffert sont légers, mais qui n'a pas de bonheur n'en
sait guere donner On ne donne que du sien La
vie seule ranime la vie Ce que nous devons aux autres,
ce n'est pas notre soif et notre faim, mais notre pain et
notre gourde

368

Farewell, farewell¹ but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest,
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all

369

BUT tell me, child, your choice, what shall I buy
You?²— Father, what you buy me I like best.—
With the sweetest air that said, still plied and pressed,
He swung to his first poised purport of reply
What the soul is¹ which, like carriers let fly—
Doff darkness, homing nature knows the rest—
To its own fine function, wild and self instressed,
Falls light as ten years long taught what and why
Mannerly-hearted¹ more than handsome face—
Beauty's bearing or Muse of mounting vein,
All, in this case, bathed in high hallowing grace—
Of heaven what boon to buy you boy or gain
Not granted?² Only— O on that path you pace
Run all your race, O brace sturdier that young strain¹

370

TOUJOURS ce souvenir m'attendrit et me touche,
Quand lui-même, appliquant la flûte sur ma bouche,
Riant et m'asseyant sur lui, pres de son cœur,
M'appelait son rival et déjà son vainqueur
Il façonnait ma lèvre inhabile et peu sûre
A souffler une haleine harmonieuse et pure,
Et ses savyantes mains prenaient mes jeunes doigts,
Les levient, les bressient recommençant vingt fois,
Leur enseignant ainsi, quoique faibles encore,
A fermer tour à tour les trous du buis sonore

371

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
Was opened by the Hand of God,
It stands serene, inviolate,
Though millions have its pavement trod,
As fresh, as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark in Paradise

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
Of common days, yet should there fall
A single speck, a single soil
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again

Without, the world is tired and old,
But once within the enchanted door,
The mists of time are backward rolled,
And creeds and ages are no more,
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet

Christian Charity

I enter—all is simply fair
Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne,
But in the fragrant morning air
A gentle lady sits alone,
My mother—in ' whom should I see
Within, save ever only thee ?

372

There is a spirit, which I feel, that delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow and brought forth without any to pity it, nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth, who through death obtained their resurrection and eternal holy life.

SING me the men ere this
Who, to the gate that is
A cloven pearl uprapt,
The big white bars between
With dying eyes have seen
The sea of jasper, lapt
About with crystal sheen ,

And all the far plesance
Where linkèd Angels dince,
With scarlet wings that fall
Magnificil, or spreid
Most sweetly over-head,
In fashion musical,
Of cadenced lutes instead

Sing me the town they saw
Withouten fleck or flaw,
Aslime, more fine than glass
Of fur Abbeyes the boast,
More glad than wax of cost
Doth make it Candelmas
The Lifting of the Host

Where many Knights and Dames,
With new and wondrous names,
One great Laudatè Psalm
Go singing down the street,—
'Tis perce upon their feet,
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm
Of Goddes Land so sweet —

Where Mother Mary walks
In silver lily stalks,
Star-tirèd, moon bedight,
Where Cecily is seen,

Saints in Heaven

With Dorothy in green,
And Magdalen all white,
The maidens of the Queen
Sing on—the Steps untrod,
The Temple that is God,
Where incense doth ascend,
Where mount the cries and tears
Of all the dolorous years,
With moan that ladies send
Of durance and sore feirs —
And Him who sitteth there,
The Christ of purple hair,
And great eyes deep with ruth,
Who is of all things fair
That shall be, or that were,
The sum, and very truth
Then add a little prayer,
That since all these be so,
Our Liege, who doth us know,
Would fend from Sathanas,
And bring us, of His grace,
To that His joyous place
So we the Doom may pass,
And see Him in the Face

374

They came out on a lovely pleasance, that dream'd of oasis,
Fortunat isle, the abode o' the blest, their fair Happy Woodland
Here is an ampler sky, those meads ar' azur'd by a gentler
Sun than th' Earth, an' a new starworld their darkness adorneth
Some were matching afoot their speed on a grassy arena,
In playful combat some wrestling upon the yellow sand,

The Elysian Fields

Mount ye the hill myself will prove how easy the pathway'
Speak'ng he led and come to the upland, shew'g a fair plain
Gleaming aneath, and they with grateful adieu, the descent made

Now lord Anchises was down i' the green valley musing,
Where the spirits confin'd that await mortal resurrection
While diligently he mark'd, his thought had turn'd to his own kin
Whose numbers he reckon'd, an' of all their progeny foretold
Their fate and fortune, their ripen'd temper an' action
He then, when he espied Æneas t'ward him approaching
O'er the meadow both hands uprais'd and ran to receive him
Tears in his eyes, while thus his voice in high passion outbrake
'Ah thou'rt come thou'rt come' at length thy dearly belov'd grace
Conquering all hath won thee the way 'Tis allow'd to behold thee,
O my son — yea again the familiar raptur' of our speech
Nay, I look't for 't thus, counting patiently the moments,
And ever expected, nor did fond fancy betray me
From what lands, my son, from what life-dangering ocean
Art thou arriv'd? full mighty perils thy path hav' opposed
And how nearly the dark Libyan thy destiny oerthrew!
Then he 'Thy spirit, O my sire, 'twas thy spirit often
Sadly appearing roused me to seek thy far habitation
My fleet moors i' the blue Tyrrhene all with me goeth well
Grant me to touch thy hand as of old, and thy body embrace'
Speaking, awhile in tears his feeling mutinied, and when
For the longing contact of mortal affection, he out-held
His strong arms the figure sustain'd them not 'twas as empty
E'en as a windworn cloud, or a phantom of irrelevant sleep

On the level bosom of this vale more thickly the tall trees
Grow, an' aneath quivering poplars and whispering alders
Lethe's dreamy river throu' peaceful scenery windeth
Whereby now flitted in vast swarms many people of all lands,
As when in early summer honey-bees on a flowery pasture

Lethe

Pill the blossoms, hurrying to an' fro,—innumerable are they,
Revisiting the ravish'd lily cups, while all the meadow hums

Æneas was turn'd to the sight, and marvelling inquired,
'Say, sir, what the river that there is the vale-bottom I see?
And who they that thickly along its bank have assembled?'

Then Lord Anchises, 'The spirits for whom a second life
And body are destin'd are arriving thirsty to Lethe,
And here drink th' unmindful draught from wells of oblivion
My heart greatly desired of this very thing to acquaint thee,
Yea, and show thee the men to be born, our glory hereafter,
So to gladden thine heart where now thy voyaging endeth'
'Must it then be believed, my sire, that a soul which attaineth
Elysium will again submit to her old body-burden?'

Is this well? what hap can awake such dire longing in them?'

'I will tell thee, O son, nor keep thy wonder awaiting,'

Answereth Anchises, and all expoundeth in order

'Know first that the heavens, & th' Earth, & space fluid or void,

Night's pallid orb, day's Sun, and all his starry coævals,

Are by one spirit only quickened, and, mingling in each part,

Mind informs the matter, nature's complexity ruling

Thence the living creatures, man, brute, & ev'ry feather'd fowl,

And what breedeth in Ocean beneath her surface of argent

Their seed knoweth a fiery vigour, 'tis of airy divine birth,

In so far as unimpeded by an alien evil,

Nor dull'd by the body's framework condemn'd to corruption

Hence the desires and vain tremblings that assail them, unable

Darkly prison'd to rise to celestial exaltation,

Nor when death summoneth them anon earth-life to relinquish,

Can they in all discard their stain, nor wholly away with

Mortality's plaguespots. It must be that, O, many wild grasse

Deeply at heart engrain'd have rooted strangely upon them

Wherefore must suffering purge them, yea, Justice atone them

Hell

A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Castus* old,
Where Armies whole have sunk the parching Air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haul'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire
They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so neer the brink,
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus* Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
death,
A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,

The Day of Judgment

Abominable, inutterible, and worse
Then Fables ye have feign'd, or feir conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire

376

WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory

And before him shall be gathered all nacions, and he shall sever them won from another as a shepherd putteth asunder the sheep from the goats And he shall set the shep on his right hand, and the goats on his left

Then shall the king say to them on his right hand—Come ye blessed children of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world

For I was anhungred, and ye gave me meat, I thirsted and ye gave me drink, I was harbourless, and ye lodged me

I was naked, and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me

Then shall the just answer him, saying,—Master, when saw we thee anhungred, and fed thee, or athirst, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee harbourless, and lodged thee, or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the king shall answer and say unto them,—Verily I say unto you in as much as ye have done it unto won of the leest of these my brethren ye have done it unto me

Then shall the king say unto them that shalbe on the left hand—Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels

Heavenly Mansions

For I was anhungred, and ye gave me no meat, I thirsted, and ye gave me no drink, I was harbourless, and ye lodged me not, I was naked, and ye clothed me not, I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not

Then shall they also answer him, saying,—Master, when saw we thee anhungred or athirst or harbourless or naked or sick or in prison, and have not ministered unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, and say,—Verily, I say unto you, in as much as ye did it not to won of the leest of these, ye did it not to me

And these shall go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal

The moral of the whole story, Simmias, is this that we should do all that we can to partake of Virtue and Wisdom in this life. Fair is the prize, and the hope great. Not that I insist upon all the particulars of my tale,—no sensible man would, but that it or something like it is true concerning our souls and their mansions after death,—since we are agreed that the soul is immortal—this, it seems to me, is a proper opinion and enough to justify some venture of imagination in a believer. For the venture is noble and it is right to relate such things, and fortify oneself with enchantments. It was for this reason that I told the myth at so great length.

Socrates is speaking

Wherefore a man should be of good cheer about his soul, if in this life he has despised all bodily pleasures and ornaments as alien to her, and to the perfecting of the life that he has chosen. He will have zealously

Christian Virtue

applied himself to Understanding, and having adorned his soul not with any foreign ornament but with her own proper jewels, Temperance, Justice, Courage, Nobility and Truth he waits thus prepared his journey to Hades But a little while and you, Simmias and Cebes, and the rest of my friends will be departing Me already, as they say on the stage, fate is calling and in a few minutes I must go to the bath, for I think I had better bathe before drinking the poison, and not give the women the trouble of washing my body after I am dead

378

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her

379

pres =
press, the
crowd
For glos
sary etc
see index

FLEE fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnessē,
Suffyce unto thy good, though it be smal,
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Pres hath envye, and wele blent overal,
Savour no more than thee bihove shal,
Reule thyself, that other folk canst rede,
And trouthe shal deliver, it is no dredē

Tempest thee not al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal

Fortitude

Gret reste stant in litel besnesse,
And eek be wile to sporn ȝeyn an al,
Stryve not, as doth the crokke with the wal
Daunte thyself, that dauntest otheres dedē,
And trouthe shal delivere, it is no drede

That thee is sent receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worldē axeth a fal
Her is non hoom, her nis but wildernesse
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al,
Weyve thy lust, and lat thy gost thee lede
And trouthe shal delivere, it is no drede

Explicit Le bon counseill de G. Chaucer

379 (*br*)

O that I were an Orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me

380

HUMILITY and patience in adversity more please me,
my son,
than much comfort and devotion in prosperity
And why should a little thing spoken against thee make
thee sad?
had it been greater, thou shouldst not have been dis-
turbed
But now let it pass 'tis nothing strange, it hath happed
before,
and if thou live longer, it will happen again

Patience & Tranquillity

Thou art manly enough while there is nought to oppose
thee
thou canst give good counsel, and hast encouraged
others with words
But when suddenly the trouble cometh to thine own door,
thou lackest to thyself both in courage and counsel
Consider thy great weakness, which thou discoverest
often in trifling concerns
and yet it is all for thy good, when these or such like
things befall thee
Put the matter as well as thou canst out of thy mind,
and if the tribulation hath touched thee, let it not cast
thee down nor entangle thee
Bear it patiently, if gladly thou canst not
or even if thou resent this saying and feel indignation,
yet govern thyself,
nor suffer an unchastened word to escape thee, whereby
the little ones may stumble
The storm that hath arisen will quickly subside
and thy hidden pain will be soothed by returning grace
I still Am saith the Lord, ready to aid thee and console
thee more than ever,
if thou but trust me, and beseech me with all thy heart
Be more tranquil in mind, and brace thyself to better
fortitude,
All is not lost, even though again and again thou feel
thyself broken or well-nigh spent

Our law surely would say that it is best to keep as tranquil as possible in misfortune, and not to be vexed or resentful for we cannot see what good or evil there is in such things, and impatience does not in any way help us

Subjection of the Will

forwards , also because nothing in human affairs deserves serious anxiety, and grief stands in the way to hinder the self-succour that our duty immediately requires of us

382

IL est dangereux de se laisser aller a la volupté des larmes , elle ôte le courage et même la volonté de guérir

383

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days, in this dark world and wide
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account, least he returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd ?
I fondly ask But patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best his State
Is Kingly Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest
They also serve who only stand and wait

384

Il n'y a qu'une chose nécessaire, l'immolation
de la volonté propre, le sacrifice filial de ses désirs Le
mal est de vouloir son moi, c'est-à-dire sa vanité, son
orgueil, sa sensualité, sa santé même Le bien est de
vouloir son sort, d'accepter et d'épouser sa destinée, de
vouloir ce que Dieu commande

385

ELECTED Sil nce, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear
Pipe me to pastures still and be
Th' music that I care to hear

Shap' nothing lips, be lovely dumb
It is the shut the curfew went
From thence where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent

386

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet
My staff of futh to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

Blood must be my body's balm,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill
My soul will be a-dry before
But, after, it will thirst no more

Selfrenunciation

387

I ASKED for Peace—
My sins arose,
And bound me close,
I could not find release

I asked for Truth—
My doubts came in,
And with their din
They wearied all my youth

I asked for Love—
My lovers failed,
And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above

I asked for Thee—
And thou didst come
To take me home
Within Thy Heart to be

388

Tous les sens, toutes les forces de l'âme et de l'esprit, toutes les ressources extérieures sont autant d'échappées ouvertes sur la divinité autant de manières de déguster et d'adorer Dieu Il faut savoir se détacher de tout ce qu'on peut perdre, ne s'attacher absolument qu'à l'éternel et à l'absolu et savourer le reste comme un prêt, un usufruit Adorer, comprendre, recevoir, sentir, donner, agir voilà ta loi, ton devoir, ton bonheur, ton ciel Advienne que pourra, même la mort Mets-toi d'accord avec toi-même, vis en présence de Dieu, en

Selfrenunciation

communion avec lui et laisse guider ton existence aux puissances générales contre lesquelles tu ne peux rien — Si la mort te laisse du temps, tant mieux Si elle t'empo te, tant mieux encore Si elle te tue à demi, tant mieux toujours, elle te ferme la carrière du succès pour t'ouvrir celle de l'héroïsme, de la résignation et de la grandeur morale

389

Nekhlyudov sat down on the steps of the porch, and inhaling the strong scent of the young birch-leaves which filled the warm air, gazed long at the garden as it gradually darkened in the failing light He listened to the thud of the mill-wheel, and to the nightingales, and some other bird that whistled monotonously in a bush close by the steps [Presently] in the east, behind the coach-house, flamed the glow of the rising moon summer lightning ever more brightly began to illumine the rank-flowering neglected garden, and the dilapidated house, and distant thunder could be heard, where in the west a black cloud was towering upwards overspreading the sky

The moon, but just past her full, emerged from behind the coach-house and glistening on the iron roof of the tumble-down house threw black shadows across the courtyard

Nekhlyudov remembered how at Kuzminskoye he had meditated on his life and tried to solve the questions, what he ought to do, and how he ought to do it, and he remembered how he had become perplexed in these questions and had been unable to decide them, so many

The Master's Will

were the considerations involved in each. He now put to himself the same questions, and was astonished how simple it all was. It was simple because he now took no thought of what would happen to himself—that no longer even interested him,—he was thinking only of what he ought to do. And strangely enough, while he was not considering his own needs, he knew without any doubt what he ought to do for others.

The black cloud had moved on till it stood right above him. lightning lit up the whole courtyard and the thunder sounded directly overhead. The birds had all ceased singing, the leaves began to rustle, and the first flaws of the storm-wind reached the steps where he sat. Nekhlyudov went into the house. 'Yes, yes,' he thought, 'The work which is carried out by our life, the whole work, the whole meaning of this work is dark to me, and cannot be made intelligible. Why should my friend die, and I be left alive? Why was Katyusha born? Why did this war come about? Of what use was my subsequent dissolute life? To understand all this, to understand the whole work of the Master is not in my power, but to do his will, written in my conscience, that is in my power, and that I know without a doubt. And when I do this, then undoubtedly I am at peace.'

HOW soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th

The Master's Will

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n,
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmasters eye

391

Tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne me possédais
Ne t'inquiète donc pas

392

YE that do your Master's will,
Meek in heart be meeker still
Day by day your sins confess,
Ye that walk in righteousness
Gracious souls in grace abound,
Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.

He that comforts all that mourn
Shall to joy your sorrow turn
Joy to know your sins forgiven,
Joy to keep the way of heaven,
Joy to win his welcome grace,
Joy to see Him face to face

393

Good and evil we know in the field of this World
grow up together almost inseparably, and the knowledge

Active Virtue

of good is so involv'd and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discern'd, that those confused seeds which were impos'd on Psyche is an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixt. It was from out the rinde of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leapt forth into the World. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd virtue, unexercis'd and unbreath'd, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat

394

IF thou wast still, O stream,
Thou would'st be frozen now
And 'neath an icy shield
Thy current warm would flow

But wild thou art and rough,
And so the bitter breeze,
That chafes thy shuddering waves,
May never bid thee freeze

395

O ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling, follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it, bound along if you can, if not, on hands and knees follow it, perish in it, if needful, but ye need not fear that, no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality

396

To whom the Angel 'Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend That thou art happy, owe to God,
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self'

397

HE is the true Saint, who can reveal the form of the
formless to the vision of these eyes
Who teacheth the simple way of attaining Him,
that is other than rites and ceremonies
Who requireth thee not to close the doors,
to hold the breath, and renounce the world
Who maketh thee perceive the supreme Spirit
wherever the mind resteth
Who teacheth thee to be still amidst all thine activities
Who, ever immersed in bliss, having no fear,
keepeth the spirit of union thro'out all enjoyments

398

DU point de vue du bonheur, la question de la vie est insoluble, car ce sont nos plus hautes aspirations qui nous empêchent d'être heureux. Du point de vue du devoir, même difficulté, car le devoir accompli donne la paix, non le bonheur. C'est l'amour divin, le saint amour, la possession de Dieu par la foi qui résout la difficulté, car si le sacrifice est devenu lui-même une joie, joie permanente, croissante et indéfectible, alors l'âme a un aliment suffisant et indéfini.

399

I LAUGH when I hear that the fish in the water is
thirsty
Perceivest thou not how the god is in thine own house,
that thou wanderest from forest to forest so listlessly?
In thy home is the Truth. Go where thou wilt, to
Benares or to Mathura,
if thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is
unhomely.

400

Le problème serait d'accomplir sa tâche quotidienne sous la coupole de la contemplation, d'agir en présence de Dieu, d'être religieusement dans son petit rôle. On redonne ainsi au détail, au passager, au temporaire, à l'insignifiant de la beauté et de la noblesse. On dignifie, on sanctifie la plus mesquine des occupations. On a ainsi le sentiment de payer son tribut à l'œuvre universelle,

à la volonté éternelle On se réconcilie avec la vie et l'on cesse de craindre la mort On est dans l'ordre et dans la paix

401

TOUTE la gloire, que je pretens de ma vie, c'est de l'avoir vécue tranquille Tranquille, non selon Metrodorus, ou Arcefilas, ou Aristippus, mais selon moy Puisque la Philosophie n'a sceu trouver aucune voye pour la tranquillité, qui fust bonne en commun, que chascun la cherche en son particulier A qui doivent César & Alexandre cette grandeur infinie de leur renommée, qu'à la fortune ? Au travers de tant & si extremes dangers il ne me souvient point avoir leu que César ait esté jamais blessé Mille sont morts de moindres perils, que le moindre de ceux qu'il franchit Infinites belles actions se doivent perdre sans tesmoignage, avant qu'il en vienne une à profit. On n'est pas tousjours sur le haut d'une bresche, ou à la teste d'une armée, à la veue de son General, comme sur un eschaffaut. On est surpris entre la huye & le fossé il faut tenter fortune contre un poullailler il faut dénicher quatre chetifs harquebusiers d'une grange il faut seul s'escarter de la troupe & entreprendre seul, selon la necessité qui s'offre Et si on prend garde, on trouvera, a mon advis, qu'il advient par experience, que les moins esclattantes occasions sont les plus dangereuses & qu'aux guerres, qui se sont passées de nostre temps, il s'est perdu plus de gens de bien, aux occasions legeres & peu importantes, & à la contestation de quelque bicoque, qu'es lieux dignes & honorables

Qui tient sa mort pour mal employée, si ce n'est en

The Noble Heart

occasion signalée, au lieu d'illustrer sa mort, il obscurcit volontiers sa vie laissant échapper cependant plusieurs justes occasions de se hazarder Et toutes les justes sont illustres assez sa conscience les trompant suffisamment à chascun *Gloria nostra est, testimonium conscientiae nostrae* Qui n'est homme de bien que parce qu'on le sçaura, & parce qu'on l'en estimera mieux, après l'avoir sceu, qui ne veut bien faire qu'en condition que sa vertu vienne à la cognoissance des hommes, celui-la n'est pas personne de qui on puisse tirer beaucoup de service

Il faut aller à la guerre pour son devoir, & en attendre cette recompense, qui ne peut faillir à toutes belles actions pour occultes qu'elles soyent, non pas mesmes aux vertueuses pensées c'est le contentement qu'une conscience bien reiglée reçoit en soy, de bien faire Il faut estre vaillant pour soy-mesmes, & pour l'avantage que c'est d'avoir son courage logé en une assiette ferme & asseurée, contre les assauts de la fortune

There is one way for thee, but one, inform
Thyself of it, pursue it, one way each
Soul hath by which the infinite in reach
Lyeth before him, seek and ye shall find,
O joy, joy, joy to fill
The day with leagues¹ go thy way, all things say,
Thou hast thy way to go, thou hast thy day
To live, thou hast thy need of thee to make
In the heart of others, do thy thing, yea, slake
The world's great thirst for yet another man¹
And be thou sure of this, no other can
Do for thee that appointed thee of God

403

What does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mur

404

It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth, so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities To have both strong, but both selected in the one, to be placible, in the other, immovable To model our principles to our duties and our situation To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious, and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame, and without use Public life is a situation of power and energy, he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy

405

Pericles is
speaking

We have a form of government not fetched by imitation from the laws of our neighbouring states (nay we are rather a pattern to others than they to us), which, because in the administration it hath respect not to the few but to the multitude, is called a democracy Wherein there is not only an equality amongst all men in point of law for their private controversies, but in

The Free Commonwealth

election to public offices we consider neither class nor rank, but each man is preferred according to his virtue or to the esteem in which he is held for some special excellence nor is any one put back even through poverty, because of the obscurity of his person, so long as he can do good service to the commonwealth. Moreover this liberty which we enjoy in the administration of the state, we use also one with another in our daily course of life, neither quarrelling with our neighbour for following his own humour, nor casting on him censorious looks, which tho' they be no punishment, yet they grieve. So that conversing among ourselves without private offence, we stand chiefly in fear to transgress against the public, and are obedient to those that are for the time in office, and to the laws and principally to such laws as are written for protection against injury, and those which being unwritten, bring undeniable shame to the transgressors.

We have also found out many ways whereby to recreate our minds from labour, both by public institution of games and sacrifices for all seasons of the year, and also in the comfort and elegance of our homes by the daily delight whereof we expel sadness. We have this further, that, owing to the greatness of our city, all things from all parts of the earth are imported hither, whereby we no less familiarly enjoy the commodities of other nations than our own. Then in the practice of war, we excel our enemies in this we leave our city open to all men, nor is it ever seen that by the banishing of strangers we deny them the learning or sight of anything, from the knowledge of which an enemy might reap advantage for we trust not to secret preparation and deceit, but on our own courage in the action. They in

Freedom in Athens

thir discipline hunt after valour presently from their youth with laborious exercise, and yet we that live remotely undertake as great dangers as they

Such is the civill torment which these men, since they disdained to be robbed of it, valiantly fighting have died. And it is fit that every man of you that is left, should be like-minded, to undergo any travail for the same

I have therefore spoken so much concerning the city in general as well to shew you that the stakes between us and our enemies who have nothing comparable to it, are not equal as also to establish on a firm foundation the eulogy of those of whom I will now speak,—the greater part of their praises being hereby delivered

There was none of these who preferring the further enjoyment of his wealth was thereby grown cowardly They fled from shame, but with their bodies they stood out the battle, and so in a moment big with fate it was from their glory, rather than from their fear that they passed away

Such were these men worthy of their country and for you that remain, you may pray for a safer fortune, but you ought to be no less venturously minded against the foe not weighing the profit

but contemplating the power of Athens, in her constant activity, and thereby becoming enamoured of her And when she shall appear great to you, consider then that her glories were purchased by valiant men and by men that learned their duty by men that were sensible of dishonour when they came to act by such men as, tho' they failed in their attempt yet would not be wanting to the city with their virtue but made unto it a most honourable contribution And having each one given his body to the commonwealth they receive in stead thereof

England & America

a most remarkable sepulchre, not that wherein they are buried so much as that other wherein their glory is hid up, on all occasions both of word and deed, to be remembered evermore, for TO FAMOUS MEN ALI THE EARTH IS A SEPULCHRE and their virtues shall be testified not only by the inscription on stone at home but in all lands wheresoever in the unwritten record of the mind, which far beyond any monument will remain with all men everlastingly Be zealous therefore to emulate them, and judging that happiness is freedom, and freedom is valour be forward to encounter the dangers of war

406

L'Angleterre est à présent le pays le plus libre qui soit au monde je n'en excepte aucune république

1729

407

It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies

408

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in LIBERTY, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal

Lincoln is
speaking
1863

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure We are met on a great battlefield of that war We have come to dedicate a

British Colonies

of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have, the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

All this, I know well enough will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us, a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who therefore far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our station and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our situation and ourselves, we ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order

of Providence has called us By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race

Milton speaking
164,

And lest some should perswade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of lerned men are meer flourishes, and not reall, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other Countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes, when I have sat among their lerned men,—for that honor I had,—and bin counted happy to be born in such a place of *Philosophic* freedom, as they suppos'd England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servil condition into which lerning amongst them was brought, that this was it which had damp't the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had bin there writt'n now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous *Galileo* grown old, a pris'ner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the Prelatical yolk, neverthesse I tooke it as a pledge of future happines, that other Nations were so perswaded of her liberty Yet was it beyond my hope that those Worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgott'n by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish

411

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land

412

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meth nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

413

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame

414

OH HOW comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd
When God into the hands of thir deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth,
He all thir Ammunition
And fets of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Thir Armories and Magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict

The Fight against Evil

415

GIRD on thy sword and join in the fight!
Fight, O my brother, so long as life listeth!
Strike off the enemy's head and there make an end of
him quickly
Then come, bow thyself in the King's Assembly
A brave man leaveth not the battle,
He who flieth from it is no true warrior
In the field of this body a great war is toward
Against Passion Anger Pride and Greed
It is for the kingdom of Truth of Contentment and of
Purity that this battle is raging
And the sword that ringeth most loudly is the sword
of His Name

416

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came,
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light

417

ARM yourselves, and be ye men of valour, and be in
readiness for the conflict for it is better for us to perish
in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation and
our altars As the will of God is in heaven, even so
let Him do

418

USE me, England,
in thine hour of need,
Let thy ruling
rule me now in deed

Sons and brothers
take for armoury
All love's jewels
crushed, thy warpath be!

Thou hast given
joyous life and free,
Life whose joy now
anguishes for thee

Give then, England,
if my life thou need
Gift yet fairer
Death thy life to feed

419

THEY truly live who yield their lives fighting against
the foe in the fierce battle amid the flash of swords and
the whirling of the spear

The men of ancient race that were foremost in the
fight wielding their swords, who stood in the mellay as
some mountain-top rises above the flood What wonder
if their glory liveth when all dissemblers have passed
away!

420

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be

The Happy Warrior

—It is the generous Spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn,
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care,
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence and their good receives
By objects, which might force the soul to rebel
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate,
Is pliable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice,
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness
—'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends,
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows
—Who if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,

The Happy Warrior

And in himself possess his own desire,
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honours, or for worldly state,
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
But who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues good or bad for human kind,
Is happy, as a Lover, and assured
With sudden brightness like a Man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw,
Or if an unexpected call succeed
Come when it will, is equal to the need
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
Sweet images 't is high, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart, and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve,
More brave for this that he hath much to love —
'Tis, finally the Man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,

Priam and Achilles

Nor thought of tender happiness betray ,
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ,
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause
This is the happy Warrior, this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be

421

With these words Hermes sped away for lofty Olympus ,
And Priam all fearlessly from off his chariot alighted,
Ordering Idæus to remain in the entry to keep watch
Over the beasts th' old king meanwhile strode doughtily onward,
Where Achilles was then most wont to be, and sitting indoors
Found he him all his men sat apart, for his only attendance
His squire Automedon and Alkimos, in battle upgrown
Moi'd busily to' an' fro serving for late he had eaten
And the supper-table dismurmish'd yet stood nigh him
And Priam entering unperceiv'd till he well was among them,
Clasp't his knees and seiz'd his hands all humbly to kiss them,
Those dread murderous hands which his sons so many had slun
As when a man whom spite of fate hath curs'd in his own land
For homicide, that he flee-eth abroad and seeketh asylum
With some lord, and they that see him are fill'd with amazement,
E'en so now Achilles was amazed as he saw Priam enter
And the men all wer amazed, and look'd upon each other in turn
But Priam, as Hermes had bade, bow'd down to beseech him

Meeting of Priam

'O God-like Achilles, thy father call to remembrance,
How he is halung as I i' the darl'ning doorway of old age
And desolately livech while all they that dwell about him
Vex him, nor hath he ore from their violence to defend him
But ye an' hearth he right of thee, thy well being in life,
Then he rejoicech an' all his days are glad with a good hope
Soon to behold thee again, his son safe home fro' the warfare
But most hapless am I, for I had sons numerous and brave
In wide Troy —where be they now? scarce is one o' them left
There were fifty the day we arrived hither out of Achaia,
Nineteen royally born princes from one mother only,
While the others women o' my house had borne me, of all these
Trul, the greater part hath Ares in grim battle unstrung
But he who was alone the city's lov'd guardian and stay,
Few days since thou slew'st him, alas, his country defending
Hector —for whose sake am I come to the ships of Achaia
His body dear to redeem, offering thee a ransom abundant
O God-like Achilles, have fear o' the gods' pity him too
Thy sire also remember, having yet more pity on me,
Who now stoop me beneath what dread deed mortal ever dared
Raising the hand that slew his son pitifully to kiss it.'

Then did Achilles yearn for thought of his ancient father,
And from th' old king's seizure his own hand gently disengaged
And each brooded apart, Priam o'er victorious Hector
Groan'd low fallen to the ground unnerved at feet of Achilles
Who sat mourning awhile his sire, then turn'd to bewailing
Patroclus, while loudly the house with their sobbing outrang

But when Achilles now had soothe'd his soul in affection
And all his bosom had disburden'd of passion extreme,
Swiftly from off his seat he arose, and old Priam upraised,
In pity and reverence for his age and silvery blanch'd head,
And making full answer address'd him in airy-wing'd words

'Unhappy man! what mighty sorrows must thy spirit endure'

& Achilles

Nay, how dur'st thou come thus alone to the ships of Achaia
Into the sight of him who thy sons so many and good
Spoil'd and sent to the grave? Verily thy heart is of iron
But come, sit thee beside me upon my couch, let us advise
Now put away our griefs, sore tho' we be begird with affliction
Truly there is no pain in distressful lamentation,

Since the eternal gods has assign'd to us unhappy mortals
Hardship enough, while they enjoy bliss idly without end
Two jars, say they, await God's hand at the entry of his courts,

World ready with full pipes, of good things one — one of evil
If mingling from both heavens — thence let'er equally dispense,
Then will a man's fortune be chequer'd with both sorrow and joy,
But t' whom Zeus giveth only of ill, that man is an outcast,
Hunger houndeth him on disconsolate over the brave earth,
Unrespected alike whether of mortals or immortals

So my sire Pelus was dower'd with favour abounding
And from birth and cradle honour'd, all men living outshone
In wealth and happiness, king o'er his Myrmidon armies
And tho' he was but a man, Zeus made him a fair goddess spouse
But yet an' ev'n to him was an ill thrown in, that he hath not
Sons born into his house to retain it's empery, — one son
Only he gat, one doom'd to a fate unkindly, for ev'n he
Comforts the' old man at home, since exiled far from him I bid
Here at Troy, thy sons' destruction compassing, and thine

Thou, sir, too we hav heard enjoy'dst good fortune afortime,
From Mazar in rocky Lesbos away to the boundary eastward
Of Phrygia's highlands, and north to the briny Hellespont,
Thou, sir, didst all men for wealth and progeny excel
But when once th' high gods let loose this mischief nigh thee,
Thy city was compass'd with nought but fierce battle and blood
Bear up, allow thy temper awhile some respite of anguish
Thou wilt not benefit thy dear son vainly bewailing,
Nor restore him alive till thou taste further affliction'

Courage of Soul

422

Chief Poet¹ and ye clouds of Albion
Begetters of our deep eternal theme
When I am through the old oak forest gone,
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am consumed with the Fire,
Give me new Phœnix-wings to fly at my desire

423

O man¹ hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or unteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

424

I KNOW not what my secret is,
I know but it is mine,
I know to dwell with it were bliss,
To die for it divine
I cannot yield it in a kiss,
Nor breathe it in a sigh,
Enough that I have lived for this,
For this, my love, I die

I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself in short may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight,—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we with all our idealities and futilities are needed to redeem, and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild half-saved universe our nature is adapted. The deepest thing in our nature is this dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and our unwillingnesses, our faiths and our fears. As through the cracks and crannies of caverns those waters exude from the earth's bosom which then form the fountain-heads of springs, so in these crepuscular depths of personality the sources of all our outer deeds and decisions take their rise. Here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things, and compared with these concrete movements of our soul all abstract statements and scientific arguments—the veto, for example, which the strict positivist pronounces upon our faith—sound to us like mere chatterings of the teeth.

The Call to the Will

'These then are my last words to you Be not afraid of life Believe that life *is* worth living, and your belief will help create the fact The 'scientific' proof that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great battle had been gained 'Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there!'

426

ENGLAND! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways,
Then was a time of joy and love

And now the time returns again
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers

427

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying
And quivers in the sunny breeze

Into Battle

And life is Colour and Warrish and Light
And a striving eye more for these,
And he is dead who will not fight
And who dies fighting has increase

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth and life from the glowing earth
Sped with the light-foot birds to rest
And with the trees to new birth,
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after death

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comely design,
The Dog-star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion, Bel and worded lup

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend,
They gently speak in the windy weather,
They guide to valleys and ridge's end

The vesper hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear as swift of sight

The blackbird sings to him, 'Brother, brother
If this be the last song you shall sing
Sing well, for you may not sing another,
Brother, sing'

In dreary doubtful warring hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers,—
O patient eyes courageous hearts!

Joy of Battle

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him so
That it be not the Destined Will

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings,
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings

428

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase,
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay

429

NOW God be thank'd Who has match'd us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and waken'd us from sleeping
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpen'd power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move
And half men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love !

Oh ! we who have known shame, we have found release there
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending
Nought broken save this body, lost but breath,
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending,
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death

Life in Death

117

ASIA

On, mother! wherefore speak the name of death?
Cease thy to love, and move, and breathe, and speak
Who die!

THE PARTH

I would wait not to reply
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is frozen
But to the uncommunicating dead
Death is the veil which those who live call life
They sleep, and it is lifted—and meanwhile
In mild variety the seasons mild
With rainbow-shirted showers, and odorous winds,
And long blue meteors cleansing the dull night
And the life-kindling shafts of the keen sun's
All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled rain
Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence mild,
Shall clothe the forests and the fields, and ever
The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,
With ever-living leaves and flowers and flowers

118

If I should die, that only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England—That shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave once, her flowers to love, her ways to grow
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by sun and fire

And think that this heart, all shrouded as it is
Aye for the heart I found in thee
Gives some place back the thoughts that England loves

Requiem

Her sights and sounds , dreams happy as her day ,
And laughter, learnt of friends , and gentleness
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven

432

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will

This be the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill

433

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest-
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ,
There Honour comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there !

434

NOT a drum was heard not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried

Honour's Dirge

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow¹

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory

The Poet's Praise

435

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song,
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant
Howard

436

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Heaven's Praise

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return !
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn
The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes
As killing is the Canker to the Rose,
Or Tunt-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows,
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear

Alas ! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neræa's* hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes,
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life But not the praise,
Phæbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears,
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

The Rose of Martyrdom

And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove* ,
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes

437

And some are there unscathed of flame or sword
Yet on their brows the seal of suffering,
And in their hands the rose of martyrdom,
A fount of wonder in their pensive eyes,
Sprung from the thought that pain is consummate—
To him that overcometh'—half forgotten
The victory, so long the battle was,
Begun when manhood was a thing to be
Not as they send the boyish sailor out,
A father's lingering hand amid his hair,
A mother's kisses warm upon his cheek,

The Sämtly Company

And in his heart the unspoken consciousness
That though upon his grave no gentle fingers
Shall set the crocus, yet in the old home
There shall be aye a murmur of the sea,
A fair remembrance and a tender pride
Not so for these the dawn of battle rose

438

HE had understanding of righteousness, and discerned
great and marvellous wonders and he prevailed with
the Most High, and is numbered among the saintly
company

439

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble

440

The setting sun, and music at the close

441

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings — *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay

Salvation

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again,
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain,
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

He is made one with Nature there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird,
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed but are extinguished not,
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,

Immortality

And love and life contend in it, for wh it
Shall be its earthly doom, the de id live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Strains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—

442

Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who return not — Say not so!
We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation

443

And many more whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality

444

WHAT happy bonds together unite you, ye living and
dead,
Your fadeless love-bloom, your manifold memories!

The Heavenly Kingdom

445

IN the heavenly kingdom the souls of the Saints are
rejoicing, who follow'd the footsteps of CHRIST their
Master and since for love of Him they freely poured
forth their life-blood, therefore with CHRIST they reign
for ever and ever

446

WHEN blessed Vincent was put to the torture, with
eager countenance, and strengthened by the presence of
God, he cried This it is which I have alway desired,
and for which in all my prayers I have made request

447

SERVANT of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintaind
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes,
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse

448

Speak ! thy strong words may never pass away

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings

The True Light

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength,
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love, and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory

449

HOLY is the true light, and passing wonderful,
lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of the
conflict from CHRIST they inherit a home of unfading
splendour, wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore



PREFACE TO THE INDEX

If the reader will put the book marker between those pages of the Index which correspond with the pages of the text where he is reading, he will readily find the information that he wants

How to
use the
Index

It is true that very often one cannot fully understand a passage unless one knows who wrote it, on the other hand it is an idle and pernicious habit to ask for information on any question before bringing one's own judgment to bear upon it and this book may even have a secondary usefulness in providing material for the exercise of literary judgment, in those who have any taste for the practice

It was a part of the original scheme to quote nothing from the Bible, for several reasons—chiefly because it is so well known that a reader might resent having such familiar quotations offered to him, and might pass them over unread, and again because this familiarity implies deep rooted associations, which would be likely to distort the context. When the idea of total exclusion was relinquished, the objection of familiarity was met by not always using the familiar version. Convenient opportunities have been taken for representing Wyclif and Tyndale, and in some other places the compiler has (with the help of his more learned friends) attempted to bring the authorised version nearer to the Hebrew, where it seemed that its beauty might thereby be increased without damage to the style or the rhythm

The
Bible

There are but twenty pages of French in all this anthology, and one fifteenth is so small a proportion that the English reader cannot complain that he has been cheated in his bargain. French is the foreign language best known in Britain, and the easiest for us to read, if not to speak and it is to be wished that our international entente and happy alliance in the cause of honour and humanity may lead to a nearer and more general acquaintance with our neighbours' beautiful literature. Since both their prose and their poetry (in its earlier and latest schools) excel in those

The
French
pieces

Preface to the Index

qualities which our authors most lack, it is well to put ourselves side by side for comparison. There is no literature from which our writers could learn more, and to encourage the study of it is a first duty of any one who can further it. This book gains great beauty from the grace and excellence of the French items.

Original Translations Those passages translated by the compiler are marked with an asterisk * in the Index, but his originality is of different amount in the several translations. While in all cases he is wholly responsible for the rendering, he has sometimes merely corrected another's version to suit his own taste. Such obligations are described in the notes to each piece.

Personal As the compiler was guided by his own moods, it is evident that he might be considered as under a perpetual temptation to quote from himself. He has put in but one of his own original poems (No. 49), and this is in a classic metre, as are a few other half original verse-translations by him. His chief motive for introducing these was the variety of their form. If it be thought that in the choice of some other pieces he has been influenced by personal feeling, his reply is that he did not wish to put his honest likings aside.

Errors As for errors due to inaccuracy or ignorance, he hopes that they are not so many as to lessen the delight of reading, or cause him to be suspected of negligence. But he knows that they are likely to be so numerous that he is afraid to make more than a general acknowledgment of the assistance which many friends have readily given him, lest they should be involved in the discredit of his blunders. The special notice of collaboration given in the Index does not make those helpers in any way responsible for his mistakes.

N B Abbreviations, &c, in Index — O B E V or O B V = Oxford Bk. of English Verse — Palgrave = P's Golden Treasury, 1861 — References, &c, given under first quotation from an author are not repeated. The first entry can be found by reference to List of Authors.

INDEX

- 1 SIBOTA b 163. I on beginning of 'De Intellectus Imperditiore' *
- 2 KRATZ In a letter of Ap. 18, 1819
- 3 SHAKESPEARE 'Tempest' Act IV Prospero is speaking to Ferdinand
- 4 BLAKE 'Songs of Experience' engraved 1794
- 5 MARY AKENSIDE From *Temora*
- 6 SHELLEY From *Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples* 1818
- 7 R W DIXON 'Historical Odes', &c Smith Elder 1864
- 8 ARTHUR RICHARD *C'est en de la plus haute Tour* From 'Les Illuminations', 1872-3. He gives a later version of this poem in 'Une Saison en Infer' where I take the form of the refrain at end of quotation
- 9 GERARD HOOPER 'Young and Fall' To a young child Printed in 'Poets and Poetry of the Century', Vol. viii
- 10 R W DIXON 'Last stanza of Ode to Joy' in 'Christ's Company' Smith Elder 1861
- 11 SHELLEY In stanza 2 Day is feminine but masculine in stanza
- 12 JON Ford of Ch. iii Forrest Renan's translation 1862
- 13 SHAKESPEARE '3 Henry VI' Act II sc 5 The battle of Wakefield 1460
- 14 CAPLIVY 'French Revolution' 1 pp 12 and 14. In line 19 of extract the text from which this was copied has *and dwelling*, and in line 31 *become compressed*. Also in line 13 I have given a capital initial to *dull*
- 15 ECCLESIASTES Almost entirely from Auth. and Rev. Vers. I am responsible for the differences
- 16 PLATO 'Phaedo', 66 * In my renderings of Plato I have aimed at pleasing myself. I used Jowett's version wherever it suited me, and sought expert assistance when I was in uncertainty

- 17 KABIR The Weaver Mystic of Northern India From 'One hundred poems of Kabir translated by Rabindranāth Tagore, assisted by Evelyn Underhill, &c.' Macmillan 1914 Bk I 57 I thank Messrs Macmillan for permission to use this book, with liberty to make the slight changes which for sake of diction or rhythm I wished to introduce. No change was made without reference to the original of which there was fortunately a copy in private hands in Oxford the text not being accessible in the British Museum or Bodleian Libraries [See 19]
- 18 Anonymous *S. John Baptist* From 'ΛΑΡΙΤΙ ΞΣΙ' Bowes & Bowes Cambridge 1912
- 19 TAHIR One of the wandering Suints of Persia In all my Oriental quotations I owe every thing to my friend Hasan Shahid Suhrawardy for putting his taste and wide learning at my disposal The choice of this and of some other pieces is due to him and I worked on his admirable English translations under his guidance having myself no knowledge of any Oriental language
- 20 GREGORY THE GREAT Bishop of Rome 590-604 From *Dialogus beati Gregorii Papae ejusque diaconi Petri*, Lib I ad init. Partly from an old translation, 1608 *
- 21 MILTON The opening lines of 'Samson Agonistes' Milton was himself blind when he wrote this
WORDSWORTH *Lives after it early spring* 1798
- 22 CHAUCER From 'The Parkeleyn's Tale' 1378 The Garden is in Penmach near Quimper
- 23 SHELLEY From *The Peccollet on* 152 It was on the sea shore near to this forest that Shelley's body was cast up and buried
KEATS *Ode to Autumn*
- 24 W. B. YEATS *The Lake isle of Innis free*, from 'Poems' Fisher Unwin 189 I owe special thanks to my friend Mr Yeats for his sympathy in this book, and for allowing me to use his beautiful poems so freely
- 25 MOCHOS of Syracuse Third century B.C., translated by Stobaeus
- 26 PLATO In the Greek Anthology Michael p 190 *
- 27 MARCUS AURELIUS 168 *Elisabetta* is 3 *
- 28 PLATO 'Phaedrus' 7) D * [See 16]

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- 31 MILTON The opening lines of 'Comus' 1634 *The Attendant Spirit* prologises
- 32 AUGUSTINE The ecstasy of SS Augustine and Monnica from A's 'Confessions', ix 10 This eloquent passage owes its main thought and form to Plato [See No 37], the rhetorical force of Diotima's question is heightened with great art Another beauty, the *lush*, is taken from Plotinus, Enn v 1 2 In the Latin the sentences that follow the word WISDOM (Sapientia) contain six feminine pronouns or adjectives, although Sapientia is not personified The absence of mere grammatical gender in English is the reason for my inserting the words *Of that heavenly Wisdom*, which are not in the Latin My translations from the Confessions are deeply indebted to the dignity of Pusey's version *
- 33 KEATS From the poem *Walking in Scotland*, written in the Highlands after a visit to the Burns Country July, 1819
- 34 SHELLEY From 'Prometheus', ii 2 The second part, the scene with the Fauns, was apparently an afterthought, and a cancelled stage direction shows that the Fauns were imagined as young females See 'An Exam of the Shelley MSS in the Bodleian Library' C D Locock 1903 This may explain the slight surprise which their entry occasions
- 35 MILTON From 'Comus', l 205, seqq
- 36 SHELLEY From the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*
- 37 PLATO 'Symposium', 211 This is the end of Diotima's speech as related by Socrates The Greek of the words *a wondrous thing, beautiful with absolute Beauty*, is *τι θαυμαστόν τῇ φύσιν καλόν*, i e *a marvellous thing in its nature (or essence) beautiful* Jowett mistranslates *
- 38 TAGORE [See 17] From his 'Gitanjali (Song Offerings)' Macmillan 1913 No 67 These are his own prose translations into English of his original Bengali poems I have to thank him and his English publisher for allowing me to quote from this book, and in the particular instance of this very beautiful poem, for the author's friendliness in permitting me to shift a few words for the sake of what I considered more effective rhythm or grammar
- 39 ARISTOTLE Met A 10 This, the one original foundation of the Christian doctrine on the subject, is of extreme in

I N D E X

terest There is no doubt about the meaning, but translation is difficult and the text is corrupt in two places these are marked by daggers †, between which I give probably true paraphrases of what A said or wrote The words in italics offer the logical equivalent of a part of the argument, the detail of which is to us obscurely remote and logically negligible I have attempted to give as readable an English version as possible Dante, who got at Aristotle through the Latin and Thos Aquinas, thus versifies the doctrine

Ed io rispondo Credo in uno Dio
Solo ed eterno, che tutto 'l ciel muove,
Non moto, con amore e con disio

Par xxiv t 44 (*moto = mosso*), and see Cant xxvi I consulted W D Ross's valuable translation, Oxford, 1908, but worked on a MS rendering by my friend Mr Thos Case, President of C C C, who has supervised my translation *

- 40 PLATO 'Phaedo', 96 [See 16] The bracketed words are added to ease a modern reader's objections to Socrates irony, which raises difficulties However it be understood, one should remember that a Greek could well imagine the body to frame wishes opposed to the rational resolutions of the soul Aristotle accuses Anaxagoras of confounding *voûs* with *ψυχή* *
- 41 From 'The Proverbs of Solomon' ch viii Date altogether uncertain This from Auth and Rev Versions but I am responsible for ver 28
- 42 S JOHN Opening of Gospel 'In the beginning was the Word' In the original Greek this name for the second Person of the Trinity is LOGOS, a masculine word, which, like our old English word *Discourse* had two significations, namely *Reason* and *Speech* It is thus found in Aristotle, and passed from him to the Stoics and thence to Philo and its adoption by theologians was no doubt encouraged by its double signification, which allowed it to cover much ground, for, indicating both Mind and the expression of Mind it served to convey the idea of Mind expressing God in the world, and acting thus as a Mediator between God and man A contemporary rival term was *σοφία*, that is *Wisdom*, a feminine noun, which is seen in the preceding quotation [and see Augustine in 32] This theological *Logos* came to be represented in Latin sometimes by *Sermo*, but eventually by *Verbum* a neuter noun, which

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our translators rendered literally by THE WORD. In the Vulgate the passage is continued by a relative pronoun, and Tyndale followed translating 'all things were made by it'. The render of *Logos* must have aided its adoption. In the Italian gospel THE WORD is feminine.

Translation of *Logos* is impossible: it is apparent that there is an advantage in the orthodox THE WORD, because that term has no applicable meaning and cannot therefore be mistaken for a definition: the disadvantage of mistranslating *Logos* is by *Verbum* that in suggesting meaning it may cause misunderstanding. But it does suggest the main underlying meaning and sets a plain man on the right track of ideas, which is essential to the context in this book. It removes a veil from the fundamental truth of the theological terms, and that truth is of the greatest value to common thought.

Theologians asked the metaphor of human speech in the creative Fiat of Genesis to connect *Logos* through *Verbum* with the creation of the world. And this is helped by St John's Gospel beginning with the same word as Genesis.

43 KANT BL I 104 [See 17]

44 PSALM cxxxix One of the later psalm. My text is an attempt to bring our magnificent Prayer book version (from Coverdale's Bible of 1535) nearer to the original, where it at seemed desirable. Ver. 12, *For stirrings of my heart* in the Hebrew is *my kidneys*, 'regarded by the Hebrews as the principle of feeling' (Driver's glossary). If so, then the English equivalent is *the heart*, and since the heart beat is the first palpable sign of vertebrate life, this makes a beauty where our church version somewhat needs it.

4 SHUILLY *From Mont Blanc* This poem is difficult and obscure. Briefly, the 'dizzy ravine of the Arve' is compared with the mind of man, wherethrough, as a river, the Power or the Universe of things flows. The human mind is 'full of that unresting sound' and the smaller streams that well the torrent are likened to the spontaneous thoughts of the mind. Later (*Some say that dreams*) it is questioned whether there be not something great and exterior to the human mind, as M. Blanc is to the Arve ravine (cp. Prom. 11-13), and M. Blanc is used to typify that Power. With this explanation my selection gives all that I need, and

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may perhaps be more easily intelligible than the whole
poem *But for such faith seems to mean If only*
for I have repunctuated *Ghosts of all things that are*

- 46 From same book as 18 No xvi
- 47 JELLALUDIN The greatest Sufi poet of Islam Born at Balkh 1207 He wrote in Persian [See 19]
- 48 PLOTINUS Enn IV 4, § 7 *
- 49 R B *Johannes Milton Serex* From Oxford edition of Poems, p 443 This shows the Latin scazon in English verse
- 50 RIVAROL Died æt 44 at Berlin 1801 My quotations from Rivarol are taken from Sainte Beuve's Memoir 'Lundis', V
- 51 PLATO 'Laws', 888 This was a favourite passage with my old friend Robt Wm Raper, V P of Trin Coll, Oxford who died while the book was making I took it at his suggestion *
- 52 TOLSTOI From 'War and Peace', Vol II, ch XII All the Russian pieces in this book were Englished by me from literal translations made for me by my friend Mr Nevill Forbes *
- 53 GERARD HOPKINS The first stanza of *The wreck of the Deutschland* 1876 Unpublished
- 54 AUGUSTINE Confessions, I 6 *
- 55 JELLALUDIN [See 47]
- 56 GEO HERBERT *Lore* The last poem in 'The Temple'
- 57 KABIP II 120 [See 17]
- 58 GEO HERBERT From *Matins* No 34
- 59 JELLALUDIN [See 47]
- 60 GEO HERBERT From *Easter* No 12
- 61 SHELLEY From *Prince Athanase* Frag 3
- 6 EPICETUS 'Discourses', I xvi Ed Long
- 63 GEO HERBERT From the second part of *Christmas* No 56
- 64 AUGUSTINE Conf I I init *
- 65 Psalm VIII An early psalm In ver 5 the familiar mistranslation of *Elohim* by *Angels* increases the difficulty of satisfying the reader

BOOK II

- 66 KANIK Bk II 103 [See 17]
- 67 KEATS The opening lines of 'Indyn on
- 68 SHELLEY 'Prometheus', iii 3 The great beauty of this passage arises from the involved grammar, which deepens its obscurities. I have made m, on a punctuation and added some capitals. For the original text and correction in the 1819 edition see note after 1819 at end of Index—Note that in *as the mind* (line 7) *is* means *even not like a*
- 69 PLOTINUS Enn vi 9 § 4 This a paraphrase *
- 70 SPINOZA Eth Schol ad fin
- 71 KEATS From Letter Sept 22 and Oct 1816
- 72 DIXON 'Lyrical Poems' Daniel 1857 *To Fancy Occasions* omi 'rd
- 73 SHELLEY 'Prometheus' i i
- 74 SHELLEY *Witch of Ulth*, xxxiv
- 75 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'Hen VIII' iii i
- 76 MILTON *Arcades*, line 65
- 77 SHELLEY First stanza of unfinished poem called *Music*
- 78 MILTON *L'Allegro*, l 135
- 79 MILTON STANZA viii ix and xii from *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*
- 80 SHAKESPEARE The opening lines of *Twelfth Night* So it is Pope's happy conjecture for *sound*
- 81 SHELLEY From *Lipsychnion*, line 220
- 82 Sir PHILIP SIDNEY 'Apology for Poetry' 1595 Spelling modernized
- 83 WORDSWORTH From pref to 2nd edit. of 'Lyrical Ballads'
- 84 BACON 'Advancement of Learning' 1605 II 4, § Spelling modernized The omission of the conjunction that I have inserted was probably intended to couple *unanimity* with *morality*. The Latin is '*Non solum ad delectationem sed etiam ad animi magnitudinem et ad mores conferat*'. But for this sense we require the conjunction
- 85 D M DOUGLAS From *Core* 'Poems' 1911
- 86 SHELLEY 'A Defence of Poetry', written at Pisa 1821 Forman's edition 1880

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- 87 JOHN MASEFIELD From end of 'The everlasting Mercy'
1912
- 88 WORDSWORTH The octett of a sonnet
- 89 SHILLLEY 'Prometheus', i 738
- 90 DIXON From *The Spirit of the Sphere* Hist Odes
- 91 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet XVIII
- 92 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LV Line 13 *That = when* (Beaching)
- 93 SHELLEY From *Ode to Liberty* St iv, &c In last lines see how Shelley has taken Wordsworth's suggestion in No 95
- 94 WORDSWORTH 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets', iii 45 *Inside of King's College chapel, Cambridge*
- 95 WORDSWORTH From *Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Pele Castle, &c* 1802 [See Nos 93 and 106]
- 96 KEATS From *Ode on a Grecian urn*
- 97 KEATS *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*
- 98 LUCIAN From 'Herodotus sive Aetion', tr by Ferrand Spence, 1694
- 99 HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL Fragments d'un Journal Intime'
1884 Vol i, p 86
- 100 KEATS Letters Nov 22, 1817
- 101 Unknown *True Thomas* My text mainly follows Sir Walter Scott 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish border' 1802 Vol ii, p 244. Any slight differences are due to collation with other original sources
- 102 SHAKESPEARE Song 'The Tempest', i 2
- 103 W B YFATS *The man who dreamed of Fairyland*
[See No 25]
- 104 SHAKESPEARE Song 'The Tempest', i 1
- 105 SHELLEY *Witch of Atlas* St iv Strangely descriptive of the aeroplane in war
- 106 SHELLEY Same St iv Shelley again works up the 'trembling image' of No 95
- 107 SPENSER From the *Prothalamion* *A spousall-verse* &c The spelling is a little mitigated from R Morris's text in Globe edition
- 108 SHAKESPEARE 'Merch of Venice', i 1
- 109 S T COLERIDGE From his 'Piccolomini', ii 4 The latter part of this passage is a poetic expansion of Schiller's original lines I have put the comma after *forest* in line 16

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- 110 G DARLEY From 'Nepenthe' I 95 Privately printed
1835 An allegorical poem containing fine poetry It
has been reprinted three times in this century
- 111 W B YEATS *The sad Shepherd* [See No 26] Two
misprints corrected
- 112 Unknown *The wife of Usher's well* [See 101] This is
at vol II, p 111, of the 'Minstrelsy'
- 113 Unknown *Helen of Kirconnell* Same as last Vol 1,
p 72
- 114 S T COLERIDGE *The Lover's resolution*, II 113 seq
- 115 A RIMBAUD *La Rivière de Cassis* From 'Les Illumi-
nations'
- 116 SHELLEY From *The Woodman and the Nightingale*
Last section of the poem from the Oxford edition
- 117 Same as No 18 *The morning Moon*
- 118 LAMB 'Ella' 1823, p 205 The fantastic forms are his
remembrances of the old Benchers of the Temple *re-
ducing* = *restoring, bringing back*
- 119 MILTON From *Arcades*
- 120 S T COLERIDGE *Kubla Khan*
- 121 EMILY BRONTE This poem is No 135 in 'Bronte poems'
Smith Elder 1915 I quote 1st and 4th stanzas of
five
- 122 SHELLEY *The Question*
- 123 W B YEATS From 'The Winds among the Reeds'
Elkin Mathews 1899
- 124 SHELLEY From 'Prometheus', I 191
- 125 Same as 18 *L'Après midi d'un Faune* Romantic imagi-
nation is more far reaching than natural beauty, but
spiritual imagination is limitless
- 126 G DARLEY 'Nepenthe' I 147 Punctuation not copied
See No 110 The Phoenix personifies the *Earth life* of
sun joys, i e the joys of sense She is sprung of the Sun
and is killed by the Sun It is of the essence of sun joys
to be, in their sphere, as eternal as their cause, and their
personification is without ambition to transcend them
The Phoenix is melancholy as well as glad the sun joys
would not be melancholy if they did not perish in the
using but they are ever created anew Their inherent
melancholy would awaken ambition in the spirit of man

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In the last stanza *un travail* means 'word of ambition',
and *lure pour* means 'awakening, no "initial ecstasies"'.
This is some of Darley's meaning as I understand him.

- 127 KEATS From *Sleep and Poetry* 1817. Keats tells how the luxury of Poetry, in which he was indulging, was broken by vision that revealed to him the true meaning of Poetry. He feels that it may lead him to a life of action. He narrates the vision with this intention.
- 128 KEATS From the letter Feb. 15 1819.
- 129 ARISTOTEL. Vol. 1 p. 105. See pp. 1.
- 130 MILTON P. 111 6.
- 131 DARLEY From *Nepenthe* 1811.
- 132 PLATO *Phaedrus* 49^a.
- 133 WORDSWORTH From the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood*. The end is quoted No. 10.
- 134 EMILY BRONTË. This poem is thus given in 'The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë', Hodder and Stoughton 1910, p. 9, where it is printed with wrong punctuation and without a division between the two parts. In the 'Brontë Poems' [see 121] the second part is judged not to belong to the first. I failed in my enquiries for external evidence but am unwilling to discard so beautiful a sequel for as I had read it the second half poetically supplies the stimulus needed to arouse the child's divination and shows the reaction on herself when its full meaning draws on her consciousness.
- 135 WORDSWORTH 1802. Palgrave print is *on* for *bread*, *o'er*.
- 136 CHU FO TAI II 1515-1585. From *Les Poètes Français* Paris 1861 Vol. 1 p. 631.
- 137 WORDSWORTH From *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern 1623* &c. 1798.
- 138 THORFAU From *Walden, or Life in the Woods* 1824.
- 139 SHAKESPEARE From Sonnet XXI.
- 140 VLADIMIR SOLOVËV, d. 1900 (?). Given me by Mr Nevill Forbes * 1.
- 141 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet XXXI.
- 142 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet CVI.

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- 169 R L STEVENSON 'Pulvis et umbra
- 170 Ecclesiastes, ch iii The last phrase is Wyclif's
- 171 BLAKE From *Proverbs*, in 'Ideas of Good and Evil
- 172 PASCAL *Lettre à V Perier* Oct 17, 1651 Faugère
Vol 1 p 18
- 173 MARCUS AURELIUS, iv 15 [See 29]*
- 174 AMIEL ii 108 and 221
- 175 KABIR iii 48 [See 17]
- 176 SHELLEY *Eb psychidion*, l 708
- 177 KEATS Sonnet 1817 The first line is Milton's.
- 178 RIMBAUD *Poésie D'un etc* From 'Les Illuminations'
- 179 BLAKE 'Songs of Innocence
- 180 TH DEKKER 1575-1641 OBEV
- 181 MARCUS AURELIUS, vii 34
- 182 KABIR i 78 [See 17]
- 183 BLAKE *The Schoolboy*, 'Songs of Experience'
- 184 MILTON *L Allegro* l 41
- 185 MERFIDITH From *Me'empas*
- 186 DE BAIF *Les Passetems de Jan Antoine de Bau* Paris
edit 1573 where text has *facent* in l 31
- 187 R B *Wallington* Quantitative elegiacs on a Chinese
theme From 'Poems', p 46
- 188 TH NASHE 1567-1601
- 189 SHAKESPEARE Song from 'Cymbeline'
- 190 CHARLES D'ORLEANS From Sainte-Beuve's Book [See
136]
- 191 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'As you like it' Thomas Morley
sets this song admirably in his 'First book of Ayres' 1600,
and his version has slight variants in the words reading
In spring time and lēv dū g a dū g a dū g also *foels*
for *folk*
- 192 YEATS *The ragged Hecce* From the 'Tauchnitz coll of
British Authors', p 1-2 with my punctuation substituted
for printer's
- 193 CHARLES D'ORLEANS This from same book as 136
- 194 This is Blake's lines *To Morning* in 'Poetical Sketches' done
into quantitative Alcaics for the chorus in 'Deme'ter' by R B
- 195 CHALCER The opening lines of the Prologue to The

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Canterbury Tales' I should read the first line as one that lacks its initial unaccented syllable, rather than admit the hybrid word *Aprille*

- 196 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'Twelfth Night'
- 197 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'As you like it'
- 198 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'As you like it'
- 199 SHAKESPEARE (?) From 'The Passionate Pilgrim' 1599
- 200 WORDSWORTH Last stanza of *The Small Celandine*
1804
- 201 KEATS *The human Seasons*
- 202 WORDSWORTH The end of the *Ode on Intimations*, &c
[See 133]
- 203 TENNYSON From the earlier poems
- 204 CHAUCER From 'Troilus and Criseyde', V 1835 seqq
- 205 HERRICK *To Meadows* O B E V
- 206 BLAKE From 'Poetical Sketches'
- 207 KLATS From a letter May 1818
- 208 SHAKESPEARE Song in 'Merchant of Venice'

BOOK III

- 209 KEATS *Sleep and Poetry* A good example of Keats objective style 'These images are of life considered first as a mere atomic movement in a general flux, then as a dream on the brink of destruction, then as a budding hope, then as an intellectual distraction, then as an ecstatic glimpse of beauty, and lastly as an instinctive pleasure'
- 210 RONSARD 1560 XVII in 'Pieces retranchees' Blanche
main I, 397
- 211 DIXON *Song* 'Hist Odes' 1864
- 212 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet XII
- 213 TENNYSON *Song* 'Poems, chiefly lyrical' 1830 The
first stanza of two
- 214. SHELLEY *Ozymandias* 1817
- 215 From the Chinese *The Ruin* Greek elegiac metre in
'Stone's Prosody' R B Poems, p 446
- 216 GRAY From *Elegy written in a country Churchyard* The
scheme of this book, favouring the omission of some
stanzas from Gray's famous ode, allows me without

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offer to restore, next before the Epitaph, the beautiful stanza which he ultimately rejected as too parenthetical. The omitted stanzas (10, 11, 18, 20, 22, 25) have a strongly marked character and tend to overlord the poem with the particular quality that critics have disliked in it. Note *If chance some kindred spirit shall enquire* is not of the best English and *Iarge was his bounty* is a conceit, which though a large one is of questionable propriety in the Epitaph.

- 217 HEREDIA *L'itrail* in 'Les Trophées', *Jaere* is a species of hawk *poulaines* are the long pointed shoes, which by the length of their beak denoted rank
- 218 SHIRLEY 1659
- 219 MASEFIELD *Truth*, in 'Philip the King' 1914
- 220 RONSARD 'Sonnet pour Hélène' Bk 2 xlii Blanche man, 1340 The text varies This is from 'Les Poëtes Français' vol II
- 221 DIXON The opening of *Ode on Departing Youth* 'His Odes' p 108
- 222 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LXXI
- 223 SHAKESPEARE Song From 'Tempest'
- 224 GRIFFITH Died 1597 From *A Farewell to Arms* OBLV 102
- 225 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LXXIII
- 226 EMILY BRONTË At p 280 of Shorter's Ed
- 227 FRANÇOIS VILLON *Ballade des dames du temps jadis* In the 'Grand Testament' Janet, p 4
- 228 SHAKESPEARE (?) In 'Hamlet'
- 229 DIXON Song From 'Lyrical Poems' Daniel 1887
- 230 NICIAS, a friend of Theocritus Mackail's translation 'Greek Epigrams', p 149
- 231 SHELLEY *Death* From Poems written in 1817
- 232 R. L. STEVENSON 'Songs of Travel', xliii *To S. R. Crockett on receiving a dedication* The last two stanzas of three Written at Vailima
- 233 KEATS From 'Hyperion', II 30
- 234 SHAKESPEARE From 'K. John' The widow Constance, in alliance with Philip of France, was claiming the throne of England for her son Arthur through his father Geoffrey, who was K. John's elder brother The first section given is

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from Act III sc 1, when she hears that Philip has bargained away his support of Arthur's claim for a marriage alliance with John The second section is from Scene 4 after Arthur had been taken prisoner by K. John who had already given orders for his murder

- 235 COLERIDGE From *The blossoming of the solitary date tree*
A lament St IV 'Sibylline Leaves'
- 236 GEO BORROW 'Lavengro' Ch xxi
- 237 COLFRIDGE From *The Pang more sharp than all* An
Allegory St IV 'Sibylline Leaves'
- 238 SHELLEY *Song* in 'Charles I'
- 239 SHELLEY *Sonnet* 1820 In l 8 I have printed *wouldst*
for *would*
- 240 SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet* LX
- 241 COLERIDGE *Constancy to an ideal object* 'Sibylline
Leaves' This is the beginning and end
- 242 SHELLEY From *Hellas* 878
- 243 From the French *Revenants* 'Poems in classical prosody'
R B, p 446
- 244 MILTON *On his deceased wife*
- 245 EMILY BRONTE Shorter s Ed, p 161
- 246 SHELLEY *Stanzas* April, 1814
- 247 D M DOLBEN *A Song* from 'Poems' Frowde 1911
- 248 SHELLEY *A Lament*
- 249 AMIEL, II 240 Second section from Pascal
- 250 SHFLLEY 1821 *Song*, omitting two stanzas
- 251 KEATS From the *Ode to Melancholy*
- 252 WORDSWORTH *The solitary reaper* Omits last stanza
- 253 KEATS From the *Ode to a Nightingale*
- 254 DARLEY From 'Nepenthe' I 820 The Strymon
- 255 FR JAMMES 'Clairieres dans le ciel', 1902-6 p 127
- 256 DE TABLEY From *The churchvard on the sand*. 'Poems
Dram & Lyrical' Lane, 1893, p 82
- 257 SHELLEY From *To Misery* *A fragment* 1818
- 258 PASCAL From his Prayer in the 'Pensées'
- 259 BLAKE 'Songs of Innocence' In 2nd stanza *moves the
feet* The inflection of the 3rd person plural in *s* is perhaps
due to familiarity with Shakespeare in whose grammar it
was 'extremely common', but has been changed in late

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editions. See Dr Abbott's *Shakesp Grammar* § 333, who considers that it may have come from the Early English 3rd plur in s

- 260 GEO HFBERT From *Bitter Sweet* The second stanza of two
- 261 MILTON From 'Samsor Agonistes' 622 Original spelling and punctuation not kept
- 262 BACON Essay V Spelling modernised
- 263 KEATS The opening of 'Hyperion'
- 264 RUPERT BROOKE *It is I am* From Poems, 1911
- 6 KEATS From the ode to Sorrow in 'Lindumion'
- 266 GEO BORROV From 'Lavengro', ch xviii
- 67 RIMBAUD From *Bonheur* in 'Les Illuminations'
- 268 AMIEL, II 144
- 269 GERARD HOEKINS *The Candle In doors*
- 270 DIXON *Mercy*, in 'Hist Odes'
- 271 W WEAVING From 'Poems' Elkin Mathews. 1913
- 272 DOSTOFSKY From Father Zossima's discourse in 'The Brothers Karamazof'
- 273 MILTON P L III 418
- 274 COLERIDGE From 'Lay Sermons' *The Statesman's Manual* App C. The colloquial use of adjectives among abstract expressions makes a strange style. In 3rd line of 2nd page of quotation, *perfect indifference of means*, the grammar is that *complete indifference* is imagined as a quality of the *means*, just as *interminable*ness is a quality of the *object*
- 275 BLAKE *The Tyger*, in 'Songs of Experience' The text has given trouble. *Dare* as preterite tense is wrong, but common in talk. The poem probably owes an unsuspected debt to Crashaw (see 282)
- 276 MILTON P L II 688 Death is addressing Satan
- 277 DARLEY From 'Nepenthe' II 256
- 278 ST PAUL From 'Romans', vii
- 279 J MASEFIELD From 'The Everlasting Mercy'
- 280 AMIEL, I 131
- 281 DIXON *Hymn* in 'Posthumous Poems'
- 282 TAGORE From 'Gitanjali', 92
- 283 SHAKESPEARE Sonnet CXXIX

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- 304 SPINOZA The first sentence is the opening of 4th part of
the *Ethics De Servitute humana* the rest from *Eth*
v 41 *
- 305 PLATO 'Timaeus', 90 *
- 306 H WOOTTON Died 1639 *The Character of a Happy Life*
(From O B E V)
- 307 SHAKESPEARE 'Hamlet', iii 2
- 308 WORDSWORTH From *Ode to Duty* 1805 Lines 25-8 and
37-40
- 309 PASCAL, From the 'Pensees'
- 310 DESCARTES 'Discours de la Methode' A complete
section
- 311 HOMER *Odyss* Σ 12, Tr from R B's 'Ulysses', Act IV *
- 312 and 313 PASCAL From the 'Pensées'
- 314 AMIEL, ii 18
- 315 BLAKE 'Eternity', from the *Lossetts MS*
- 316 PASCAL 'Pensées'
- 317 MILTON P L vii 24
- 318 SPINOZA *Eth* v 4'
- 319 MONTAIGNE *Essais*, ii 12
- 320 AMIEL, ii 23
- 321 MILTON P L ii 557
- 322 EDWYN BEVAN 'Stoics and Sceptics' Oxf 1913 P 32
- 323 324 325 RIVAROL See No 50
- 326 STEVENSON From *Pulvis et Umbra*
- 327 BACON 'Adv of Learning', I v 11 Modern spelling
- 328 YEATS *Into the Twilight* Tauchnitz P 114
- 329 SELMA LAGERLÖF Gosta Berling's Saga Translation by
M B
- 330 AMIEL ii 107
- 331 COLERIDGE From *Human Life, or the denial of Immor-*
talitv 'Sibylline Leaves' I cannot tell whether the
sibilants in line 4 were intended
- 332 COLERIDGE From 'The Anc Mariner'
- 333 BACON From *Essay II*
- 334 SPINOZA *Eth* iv 67 A freeman is one who lives accord
ing to the dictates of reason alone *

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- 359 SHAKESPEARE 'As you Like it', II 7
- 360 BLAKE From *William Lenth*, b 15 an 25.
- 361 SHAKESPEARE 'K. Lear', III 4
- 362 WORDSWORTH *Resolution and Independence*, 1801
better known as *The Leech Gatherer* Some lines omitted
- 363 KEATS *Mem. Merrilies* In a letter to Fanny Keats, 1818
- 364 HEREDIA *Le Laboureur*
- 365 RIMBAUD *bonne nuit du matin* M. Bernichon quoting
the poem in his memoir has punctuated it throughout. But
Rimbaud was experimenting on free verse, and I think,
wished to show that such verse should be independent of
grammatical stops. This can only be exhibited by their
omission. In line 1 'O' (for O) is from Bernichon's
text
- 366 WORDSWORTH *Song at the Feast of Breugham Castle*
End of 1st 1807
- 367 AMIEL, II 74
- 368 COLFIDICE From 'The Ancient Mariner'
- 369 G. M. HOLKINS *The hard done heart* At a gracious
answer. The author was a Jesuit priest, and *Father* in
line 2 is the spiritual title
- 70 ANDRÉ CHÉNIER 'Fragments d'Idylles', 3
- 371 DOBEN *The Shrine*
- 372 JAS. NAYLOR. A Quaker Saint. This is 'His last testi-
mony' said to be delivered by him about two hours before
his departure. From A Collection of Sundry Books,
Epistles and Papers &c London, 1716. It seems to
rely on oral tradition. I have followed the text in the
Book except that that has *and takes its kingdom* and
obtained this resurrection
- 373 DOBEN *He would have his lady sing* Poems No 4)
- 374 VIRGIL *Æn* vi 638-751, and 893-8. Æneas after land-
ing in Italy, obtained leave of the Cumæan Sibyl to visit
his father in Hades. After magical preparation and
sacrifice, he in a trance, makes the journey, which is the
foundation of Dante's *Commedia*. The section here given
tells his vision of the Elysian fields, and his meeting with
Anchises whose account of the mysteries of life and
death may be held to represent some accepted beliefs.
But the passage about the gates of Sleep, with which
Virgil closes his 'fine venture', corresponds with the

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whence it seems that the poem was sent to him with the *Envy*, but was circulated without it, as of general application and this agrees with the artistic inferiority of the *Envoy*

I have ventured to make my own text from the MSS. Finding that the 6th line of the 2nd stanza has overwhelming authority for its 'nine' syllables, and that the most poetic reading of III 6 is also a 'nine-syllable' line and that the Lansdowne MS gives a 'nine syllable' line in I 6 (which I preferred also on other grounds), I was led to conclude that it was part of the construction of the original poem to have a 'nine syllable' line in this place in each stanza and so I have printed it. It is very effective and if it was originally thus, the 'emendations' would be accounted for. Thus one of the best MSS [Add B M 10, 340], the one that gives the *Envy* reads *Revele ~ cel thyself*

There are difficulties for the modern reader — I 2 If Skeat's choice, which I adopt be right it means 'Do not despise and neglect your talent, though it be but one' *Suffice thin ovene thing* has good authority, but among sixteen imperatives to change the subject of one of them is awkward therefore *suffice unto* is preferable — I 4 *Blent* = blindeth as *stant* in II 3 is also 3rd sing pres. *Welc blent o eral* means 'Prosperity blinds a man completely' *overal* is read as a disyllable Chaucer said *ov'ral* as we say *o'erall* — II 1 *Tempest* (= disturb) is a rare verb — 4 *Sporn against an al* (awl) is to 'kick against the pricks', and in the next line *crokkē* is the proverbial earthenware pitcher. These seem the unwor-thiest lines in the poem — III 6 Skeat adopts *Hold the hȳ wey, and lat thy gost thee lede*, which has much authority but his explanation that *hȳ wey* = high road makes nonsense of it and he is right in saying that it means this in Chaucer. The reading *Weyre thy lust* is also supported by a passage in Chaucer's 'Boethius', which has *Weyre thou Joy, dryf fro thee drede that is to seyn, lat none of these passions overcomen thee or blei de thee*

I have marked with the double dot the final E's that are pronounced syllabically. My friend Dr Henry Bradley, who showed me Miss Rickert's paper, is my authority for this, and other M E scholarship though I do not know that he approves of my results

INDEX

- 379 his GIO HERBERT *Employment*
- 380 THOS A KEMPIS III 57 *
- 381 PLATO Rep 604, B *Our law is the laws of his Utopia* *
- 382 AMIEL, II 130
- 383 MILTON The punctuation and spelling modern
- 384 AMIEL, II 177
- 385 GERARD HOEKINS *The Habit of Perfection A Nun takes the veil* The first two stanzas Written when an undergraduate at Oxford
- 386 SIR WALTER RAEFICH His Pilgrimage O B F V
- 387 D M DOLBE *Request*
- 388 AMIEL, p 1
- 389 TOLSTOI 'Resurrection', II 17, (see 52)
- 390 MILTON The original text reads *last Master* in last line
- 391 PASCAL 'Pensée'
- 392 CH WESLEY This is hymn No 94 in the Yattendon hymnal 'It is made of two stanzas which occur separately in Chrs Wesley's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures* 1794. The first stanza is 1260, Zephaniah II 5, the second is 702, Job, xxxiii 26. They are here slightly altered' A H
- 393 MILTON From 'Arcopagitica'
- 394 DIXON 'Lyrical Poems Daniel 1887
- 395 GEO BORROW 'Lavengro' ch xxi
- 396 MILTON Pl 1 519
- 397 KABIR, 1 68
- 398 AMIEL, 1 95
- 399 KABIR 1 82
- 400 AMIEL, II 192
- 401 MO TAIGNEF *Essais*, II 17 *De la Gloire*
- 402 DIXON From *Love's Consolation* 'Chris's Company', p 97 Original punctuation
- 403 BURNS From *Epistle to Dr Blacklock*
- 404 BURYR From *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents* 1770
- 405 THUCYDIDES Hist II 37 His version of the great Funeral Oration spoken by Pericles over the Athenians who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war Chiefly from Hobbes' translation The style of

Thucydides, when he passes from mere narration and engages in reflection or argument or rhetoric, becomes uncomfortably conscious of grammar and seems often in great difficulties. This quality, due perhaps to his not being a native Greek, is wholly bad, and yet he will again and again win a powerful beauty from it, as a man struggling desperately through a raging torrent may show movements of more forceful grace than one who is walking unimpeded. Such a manner is inimitable in modern English without affectation. But it happens that Hobbes in his old age translated Thucydides (helped probably by a French version?) and his masterful diction, encountering obstacles, dealt with them so as to produce a not dissimilar effect. For that reason I took his translation and, where I altered it in order to give a more faithful interpretation, I attempted to maintain his strenuous style. If the result has any merit it is due to him but I have made too many changes to be able to leave his name to it *

- 406 MONTESQUIEU Quoted in Sainte Beuve *Causeries du Lundi*, vol 7
- 407 ABR LINCOLN From *Reply to a Serenade* Nov 10, 1864
- 408 LINCOLN From *Address at Dedication of National Cemetery at Gettysburg* Nov 19, 1863 This occasion parallel to that in 405
- 409 BURKE From *Speech on moving his Resolutions for Conciliation with the Colonies* 1775
- 410 MILTON 'Areopagitica'
- 411 BLAKE From *Milton*
- 412 WALTER SCOTT 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' Cant vi
- 413 SIR F H DOYLE From *The Prince of the Buffs*
- 414 MILTON 'Samson Agonistes' 1268
- 415 KABIR, 1 36
- 416 SHELLEY *Heilas* 211
- 417 Church Service *Accingimini* Antiphon for Trinity tide Magnificat Tr by G H Palmer in 'Antiphons from the Salisbury Antiphoner' p 74 This is a good example of the sort of beauty which we lost when the Reformers sheared our services—and of what many besides myself wish to see restored [Fr 1 Macc iii 58, &c.]
- 418 From *The Timer* 1914 Same author as 46

- 419 From a South Indian Family book of poems (Tr. by Pope)
See No 17
- 420 WORDSWORTH *Character of the Happy Warrior* 1806
- 421 HOMER Iliad xiv 465-551 Priamus visited in a dream
of divine protection at Achilles by night bringing with
him a great ransom to redeem the body of Hector which
Achilles was dishonouring in revenge for the death of
Patroclus. Hermes having escorted him safely to the
palation of Achilles leaves him to the custody of his
great enemy. Iliad is Priamus old & vast who is
driving the real & wagon that carries the ransom. This
is one of the finest passages in Homer. The translation
is line for line in the original metre *
- 422 KEATS *The testament of a Son of a little life re-reading
Kins Lear* 1815
- 422 SHREVE *On Death* He died and last days of five
- 423 A LANC *Song by the Subaltern's Self* *Rhymer made
in a dream* Tr. Banard Arrière has that I copied it
from the scrap of paper on which my old friend had sent
it to me jotted down I suppose on the morrow of its
birth
- 425 WILLIAM JAMES This extract from He will to believe
was chosen for me by his brother my friend the novelist
- 426 BLAKE *To the Christian*, from *Jesus* &c
- 427 GREENELL *Into battle* The poem was written on the
battlefield in Flanders by Capt the Hon Julian H. L. Green-
fell, D.S.O., in April 1915. He died of his wounds on May 16.
I have to thank his father Lord De borough for permission
to print it here.
- 428 SHAKESPEARE From Sonnet XI
- 429 RUPERT BROOK From '1914 and other poems' Sid-
wick and Jielson He died on his way to the Dardanelles
and found a poet's grave in Scyros
- 430 SHREVE 'Prometheus', in 3, 108
- 431 RUPERT BROOK From the same batch of Sonnets as 429
- 432 STAFFORDSON *Requiem* from 'Underwoods'
- 433 COLLIER Written in the beginning of the year 1716
- 434 C. WOLFE *The Burial of Sir John Moore at Coruña*

I N D E X

- 435 BYRON 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage', in 29 The *they* in
3rd line is noteworthy The *wrong* to the Earl of Carlisle
was done in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*
- 436 MILTON From *Lycidas* I have *bier* and *o'ergrown* for
bear and *oregrown*
- 437 DOLBEN From *Dum agonisatur anima* in 'Poems'
No 43
- 438 Church Service *Iste cognovit* As 417 *Of a Martyr*
- 439 MILTON From end of 'Samson'
- 440 SHAKESPEARE Rich 2nd' 11 1
- 441 SHELLEY From *Adonais* stanzas 39, 40 42, 43, 44, 52
- 442 J R LOWELL From *Ode recited at the Harvard Com-
memoration 1865*
- 443 SHELLEY From stanza 45 of *Adonais*
- 444 From Andre Chenier' translated by R B, reference lost
- 445 Church Service *Gaudet in cælis* Same as 417 *Of
many Martyrs*
- 446 Same as last *Beatus Vincentius* *Feast of S Vincent*
- 447 MILTON P L vi 29
- 448 SHELLEY From end of 'Prometheus'
- 449 Church Service *Sanctum est* As 417 *Many Confessors*

R B



In this impression the text of the items from William
Blake, and the notes thereto, have been corrected into
correspondence with the latest authority

NOTE TO FOURTH IMPRESSION

ERRATA

The following corrections were made in the 2nd impression, lesser errors and broken letters are rectified

216 l. 2 *mind* for *mind*

227, l. 10 *chastel* for *castle*

262 l. 2 of last stanza *demerit* for *dear* & *an*

Index 12 in for n

66 moved to its place in Bk. II

404 *D. contents* for *Dist. of*

424 l. 2, *and* for *et*

List of Authors, *Hutton* for *Heute*

In the impression the following are corrected

68, in ll. 2 and 3 original punctuation restored (see note below)

157, line 2 and 6, *to it*, *Teucer* for *soul* & *Te*

221, in l. 9, *my* for *my*

227 l. 12, *fit* for *fire*, & corrected in later editions *Vie de France*

389 *Neklyndor* for *Neklyndor*, which was wrongly corrected by printer in 2nd impression

Index, 68 This note is altered in accordance with change in the text

165 § 4 for § 3

249 The second section is from Pascal and not from Amiel, and it escaped attribution in indexes

NOTES

42 In 'Christian Mysticism' by Wm. Ralph Inge (Methuen, 1899) there is a discussion in Lecture II, p. 46, on the metaphysical ideas implied by St. John's mystical identification of the LOGOS with Jesus of Nazareth, to which I would have referred the reader, if I had known of it

NOTE TO FOURTH IMPRESSION

68 In all previous impressions this passage of Shelley was printed with the second and third lines thus

Of the low voice of Love, almost unheard,
And dove eyed Pity's murmured pain, and Music,

In this impression I return to the original text, having been convinced by critics that I did wrong to alter it. They approve of my other changes in punctuation etc. As readers may wish to compare the whole passage as it stands in Mrs Shelley's first reprint I give it below, including the four preceding lines, which supply the verb that completes the sentence (though it is not necessary to the understanding of the passage), and also one line at the end which carries on to the full stop

40

And hither come, sped on the charmed winds,
Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees
From every flower aerial Enya feeds,
At their known island homes in Himera,
The echoes of the human world which tell
Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,
And dove eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,
Itself the echo of the heart, and all
That tempers or improves man's life, now free,
And lovely apparitions dim at first
Then radiant as the mind arising bright
From the embrace of beauty whence the forms
Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
The gathered rays which are reality,
Shall visit us the progeny immortal
Of Painting Sculpture and rapt Poesy
And arts though unimagined, yet to be
The wandering voices and the shadows these
Of all that man becomes, the mediators
Of that best worship, love, by him and us
Given and returned, swift shapes and sounds, which grow 60
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,
And veil by veil, evil and error fall
Such virtue has the cave and place around

50

It is believed that Mrs Shelley in editing this text (Moxon, 1830) worked with the table of errata which Shelley had sent to his publisher for the correction of his first edition (1820). But the only changes made by her in this passage are, line 42, the diæresis over *aerial*, 55 *rapt* for *wrapt*, 56 *though* for *tho'*, and 59 comma after *worship*

NOTE TO FOURTH IMPRESSION

In the Bodleian Library there is a fair copy of the *Prometheus* in Shelley's own hand. The punctuation is the defect and of no importance. Dr. Henry Bradley, who kindly allows me to quote from his letter, wrote thus to me, 'I read the passage something like this, the libelous spirit of an throughout the world takes to count the activities of life as . . . The echoes of all its voices—of the whisper of love, of the murmurs of pity, of music of the utterance of "all that temper or imp over man's life"—and the "apparition" of all its visible creation, shall sit us here. Music is thought of as the voice of the voice conveying humanizing and ennobling influence—and then the thought is interposed that this voice the echo of which is heard is itself an echo of the heart'—[The words of course from Shelley are: *It gives a very echo to the soul—where love is there is*. That is, its value is not only in its beneficial influence but in its revelation of the unexhausted wealth from which it comes.

The word *music*, the echo, should not have a capital initial, since it ranges not with love and pity, but with their vocal utterances; and Dr. Bradley objects to giving capital to love and pity, because that tends to personify them more than is intended—an objection which does not forbid the capital to Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry; nor the capital which I have given to Love and Beauty below where they serve another purpose.

This is a long note, but my mistake made it necessary and the passage deserves it. Its detail would be imperfect without two other remarks. First, that in Shelley's MS, referred to above the word *hither* in line 40 is written *thither*. *Hither* is defensible, and may have been a correction, but it is very possibly an uncorrected misprint. The second remark is on the strange epithet *dove-eyed* in line 46. Dr. Bradley says that he thinks this word was invented by one Elijah Fenton. It is no doubt traceable to the Song of Solon on, *Oculi tui columbarum* which our revisers now translate 'Thine eyes are as doves behind thy veil' (iv. 1, cp. v. 12) that is, they are like doves not like doves' eyes. The unfortunate word can only be defended as meaning 'eyes that express the tenderness of the Dove, which the dove's eyes do not.'

N.B. The references to Marcus Aurelius in the Index are to the older Greek texts, and do not correspond with Gataker's revision, to which the references would be

173 iv. 23 (for 15)

181 vii. 59 (for 34)

289 xi. 15 (for 16)

350 vii. 13 (for 9)

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The Title page was designed by Mr Emery Walker. The drawing is from Michelangelo's Fresco of the Creation of Adam in the Sistine Chapel.

